Saturday Review

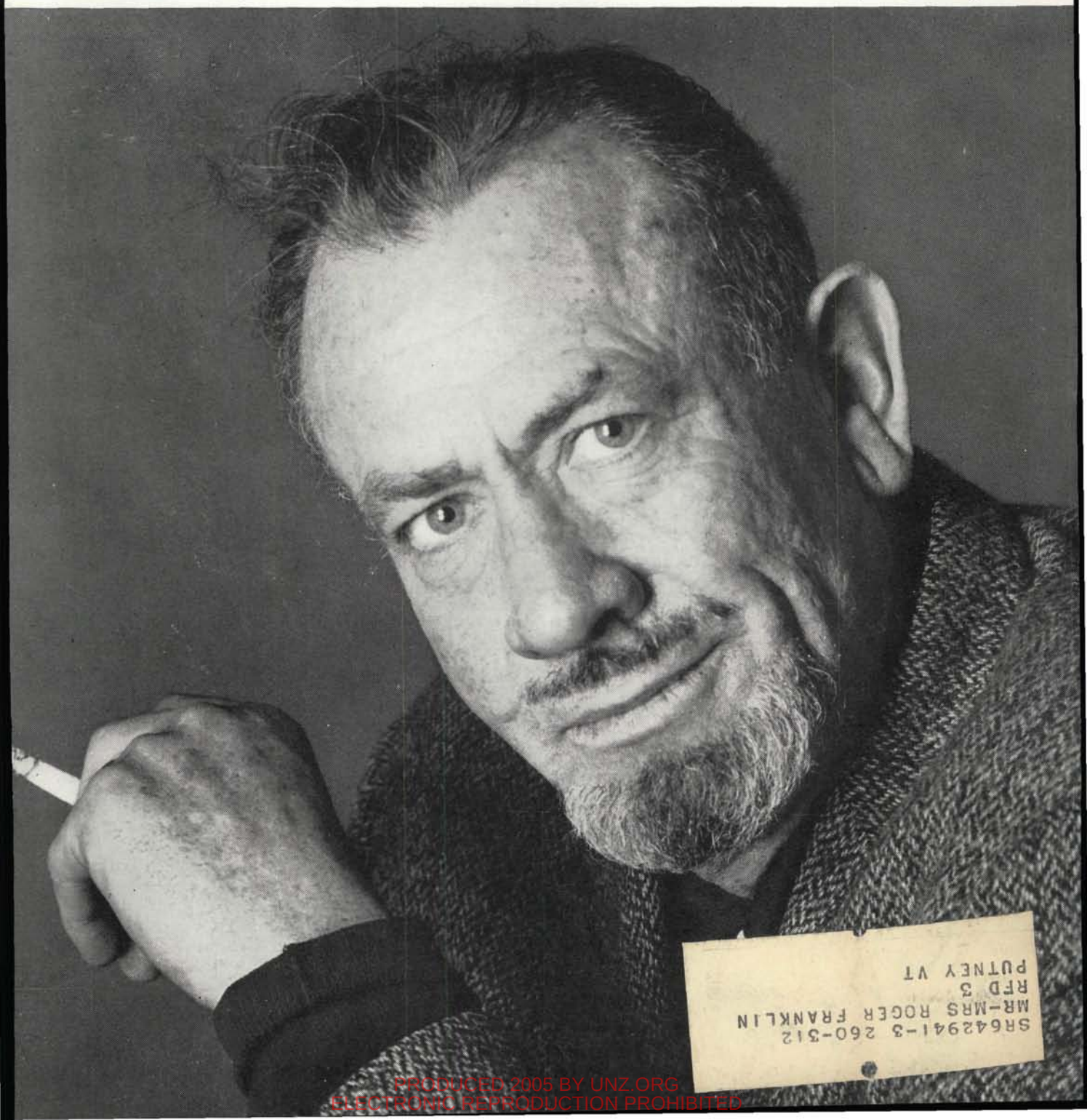
JUNE 24, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

DIALOGUE WITH THE RUSSIANS

By Norman Cousins

John Steinbeck, author of "The Winter of Our Discontent" *(See Literary Horizons)*



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MR-MRS ROGER FRANKLIN
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Kodak
TRADE MARK

8mm sound movies sell giant machinery *before it's built*

Mr. R. E. Morton, Executive Vice President, Morton Manufacturing Company, uses a Kodak Sound 8 Projector to add his voice to the sound track of an 8mm movie made in his plant.

Presenting ideas for custom machine tools, materials handling equipment and other custom industrial machinery by talking from blueprints and models leaves too much to the prospect's imagination, according to the Morton Manufacturing Co. of Muskegon Heights, Michigan.

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Morton keeps a Kodak Sound 8 Projector in offices at Philadelphia, Muskegon, and San Francisco, so that demonstration films can be shown at every opportunity.

If this example gives you ideas, call your Kodak Audio-Visual dealer for a demonstration, without obligation, of the Kodak Sound 8 Projector and its low-cost movie potential.

Kodak Sound 8 Projector 〉 **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

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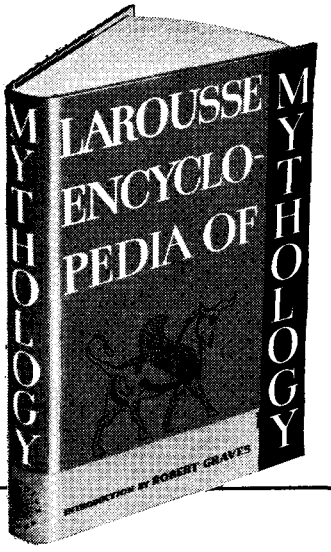

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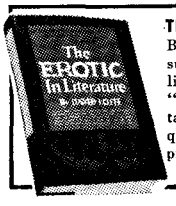

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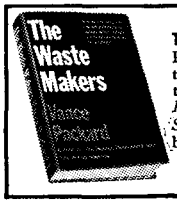

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One of the principal advantages of reading widely is the opportunity one has to meet compelling people—if only at second hand. From time to time, though, a writer is able to convey his or her personality so clearly that the reader feels he has re-encountered an old friend.

In her first book, "These Ruins Are Inhabited," Muriel Beadle has accomplished this difficult trick. At this writing I haven't met Mrs. Beadle, but I feel I've known her all my life.

Her book is an account of what happens when an American professor and his family are transplanted for a year to a British university town. But because Mrs. Beadle is what she is, "These Ruins Are Inhabited" is more than just a charming family odyssey. A former journalist, Mrs. Beadle has a sharp and retentive eye, together with a wealth of background knowledge and nearly boundless good humor.

Her observations on the English way of life and on English education are shrewdly and lovingly perceptive—and her previous training enables her to relate England to America for those of us who can't bridge the gap ourselves.

You can read "These Ruins Are Inhabited" before visiting England, and you'll be well prepared for the trip. On the other hand, you can read the book to see how two great peoples have developed a common heritage. Or you can just read it for fun. However you approach the book, you can't lose.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"These Ruins are Inhabited" ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be purchased from your local bookseller or at any one of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Saturday Review

JUNE 24, 1961

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William Ward Beecher

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distinctive and unusual

CHRISTMAS CARDS

A new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—each one based on a work of art from the Museum's own collections. This year, a Japanese goldsmith's sketch, a rubbing from a medieval church bell, five prancing deer from a patchwork quilt, a carved golden angel, a jeweled bookcover from an Armenian manuscript, and a Victorian Christmas illustration are some of the sources of the nearly sixty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Metropolitan Museum in limited editions, and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September 1st.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

George S. Kaufman

Edited by Martin Levin

KAUFMAN

IN THE last ten years of his life George S. Kaufman found himself as obsolete as a Smithsonian exhibit. He was a practitioner of irony and satire, with a side line of bon mots. The USA, hell-bent on making the whole world as noble as itself, had no welcome mat out for tricky-minded fellows poking fun at it.

Such a one was Kaufman. He was almost the last of the Broadway breed of iconoclasts, a breed that indulged in derision rather than breakage. It also preferred to lampoon American flaws under its nose, rather than clobber the cockeyed behavior of far-off Russians and Chinese.

Kaufman's writings for the stage and magazines varied in excellence but seldom in purpose. They investigated human clownishness and offered Americans a look at themselves in a sort of fun-house mirror.

After World War II, when the pontificators took over, when Social Consciousness drove sociability from the dinner board, and sex became a new kind of toothache for psychologists' probing—in the time of our emergence as the Leader of the World, Kaufman and his kind went into mothballs.

In the early Thirties I never understood what George was so glum about, and why so bright and famous a wag wore so funereal an air. Most of us who knew him settled for the notion that George was neurotic, and therefore unable to enjoy his stock in trade, laughter. Perhaps he was. Girls told of his shyness as a lover, and males revealed his aloofness as a companero.

But Kaufman's neurosis, if he had one, had small effect on his life. It was not his own but the pottiness of the world that begloomed him, that gave the Kaufman pompadour the look of the first plume on a hearse.

What can a witty man do but hang his head in a land that has resolutely turned its back on wit, that is ready to cry sabotage to satire, that has traded in its once famous slapstick for a global scepter?

There was an even worse enemy of wit than the world-saving binge on which the U.S. went whooping in the Forties. This was the demolishing flood of bush-wah released by television. How could any humorist take on an enemy of such proportions—such an apocalypse of tripe?

Looking back on Kaufman, I see him now as a man extinct before his time. His wit, his adroit hotfoot for pious fatheads and cliché-crowned patriots, his drollery, his sly irreverence —these Kaufmanish qualities were considered passé and trivial while George S. was still in the midst of his career.

George himself knew it. He once said to me, "Comedy has become like castor oil. People fight it."

How good a playwright was George S. Kaufman? At his best he was the best of playwrights, and more. He was part of a good time Americans were once able to enjoy—when they dared to laugh at themselves rather than yield that privilege to others.

George S. Kaufman, Ring Lardner, George Ade, Robert Benchley, Gene Field, H. L. Mencken, Gene Fowler, Finley Peter Dunne, George M. Cohan, Sinclair Lewis, all sitting in a room with the white-maned Mark Twain, make the American wing in heaven a more outstanding attraction than our current display on earth. Ask any visitor.

—Ben Hecht.

• • •

THE CASE OF THE CRACKPOT COPY EDITOR

AFTER a manuscript has been accepted by a book publisher it is handed over to a person known as a copy editor, usually of the female persuasion. It is her job to go through it with great diligence, correcting the author's grammatical blunders and misspelling and, wherever possible, checking all statements of fact.

About fifteen years ago I put together an anthology of humorous essays and short stories under the title "Desert Island Decameron." It included marvelous pieces by such writers as H. L. Mencken and Mark Twain and Dorothy Parker and Roark Bradford and Fred Allen and James Street and Robert Benchley and Ben Hecht and James Thurber and Thorne Smith and Stephen Leacock and Ring Lardner.

From the works of Lardner I chose the story "Mr. Frisbie," a piece supposedly written by a naïve and artless and semiliterate fellow who served both as chauffeur and caddy for his wealthy employer. I copied "Mr. Frisbie" from a Lardner book with meticulous care; it would have been literary sacrilege if the narrator's choice of language and spelling were changed in any way.

The manuscript finally went to the publisher and in due course arrived in the hands of a copy editor. Weeks later it came back to me with galley proofs; it was now my job to read these galleys and make any last-minute alterations I felt were needed.

When I came to the Mr. Frisbie chapter and started reading it in type, I was at first confused and then astonished and then astounded. The copy editor had gone through Ring Lardner's story and carefully corrected every misspelled word, every syntactical error.

Where Lardner had written, "It was during while this brother-in-law was visiting Mr. Frisbie that I entered the last-named employee," this had been changed to, "It was while this brother-in-law was visiting Mr. Frisbie that I entered the latter's employ."

Where Lardner had it, "the ball . . . laid there burred in the deep sand," the copy editor had changed it to, "the ball . . . lay there buried in the sand."

The sentence, "I am a greater lover of horses flesh" was fixed up, of course. Such phrases as "brooched the subject" and "they disgust the matter" and "at your beckon call" and "a variable tyrant" were rendered into proper English. The same idiocy, all the way through.

After the first shock, I began to laugh. And I continued laughing, off and on, for several days. I took the manuscript in and showed my editor what had happened to the prose style of Mr. Frisbie's chauffeur-caddy. I heard later that the copy editor was dismissed.

For some years afterward my editor took great enjoyment in telling the story to other people in the publishing business. He always told it as having happened to another author at another publishing house. In the end he was so convinced that it did happen elsewhere that once, when he and I were on a trip, he said to me, "Did you ever hear about the time that a Ring Lardner story came in to the office of Houghton Mifflin and . . ."

You think I let him get away with it? Hell no.

—H. Allen Smith.

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

PICTURE: Osborn cartoon, "Little Man on Treadmill." Fade in on black screen. Center iris opens to reveal man's head and shoulders. On cue, iris widens to full screen.

SOUND: *Treadmill and industrial hum.* NARRATION: "Once upon a time there was a little man — his name doesn't matter — who found himself on life's treadmill, going nowhere fast."

PICTURE: Dissolve to cartoon, "Lost in the Bigness of Things." Pull back to reveal full drawing.
SOUND: *Echo of traffic and horns.* NARRATION: "He felt lost in the very bigness of things. He was frightened, bewildered. So, what did he do?"

PICTURE: Dissolve to cartoon, "Our Own Happy Family." Father, mother, and two young Mayberrys stand proudly behind a hedge whose entwined thorny branches spell out OUR OWN.
SOUND: *Birds twitter.* NARRATION: "He found an escape, the way most of us do, to a place called OUR OWN, full of wall-to-wall comfort."

PICTURE: Dissolve to cartoon, "Our Own Frightened Family." The four Mayberrys huddle together, only their frightened eyes showing over the hedge.
SOUND: *Roll of thunder.* NARRATION: "Or was it wall-to-wall fear? As I said, the man's name doesn't matter. But his story's our own."

PICTURE: Quick dissolve to pan up on skyscraper and busy streets. Main title is superimposed over this.
SOUND: *Music.* Strong entry of main theme.

THIS is how our new movie, "The Fur Lined Foxhole," begins. The film has been called "thought provoking," "controversial," and even "astounding." Everyone who has seen it agrees it's unusual and worth seeing. Like to book it — free — for your group? Write Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

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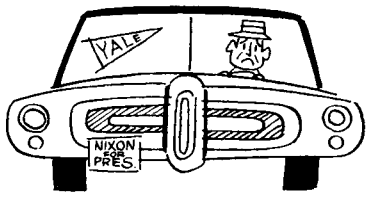
NOW THAT HARVARD has given up Latin on its diplomas, you can expect almost anything to happen anywhere. "There's a good chance," quipped one Harvard graduate, "that they may print the next batch of diplomas in Gaelic, what with the Kennedy influence being so strong, and all." And a story floating around Harvard Yard has it that a lone-



ly senior was noticed sitting all alone in his cap and gown. A passer-by was overheard saying: "He's the only Harvard man not drafted for government service this year."

Meanwhile, Yale has not been taking the Harvard invasion of the government lightly. According to the New York *Times*, the Yale Club of Washington honored twenty-eight recent Yale additions to government service. One story around Washington defines a political failure as a Yale man driving an Edsel with a Nixon sticker on it.

ANOTHER INTERESTING definition comes from Ezra Goodman's fascinating book "The Fifty-Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood." It defines an assistant producer as "a mouse, studying to be a rat," and goes on to explain an associate producer as "the only one who will associate with the producer."

But Hollywood continues on its way —always adding those little touches to make things bigger. The band, for instance, in the motion picture version of Meredith Willson's "The Music Man" will include eighty trombones for the "76 Trombones" sequence. Goodman's book, incidentally, was received enthusiastically everywhere except in the Hollywood trade press. The *Hollywood Reporter* called it ". . . a brutal hatchet job, performed with a dull axe."

IN THE LIST of successful people who are included in "The New Millionaires and How They Made Their Fortunes" is a baker, but no butcher or candlestick maker, unless you want to count an oil man (candles are produced by leading oil companies) and a restaurateur (they often butcher their own meats). The baker, incidentally, is the only woman among the fourteen individuals studied by the editors of the *Wall Street Journal,* who compiled the book.

THE FRACTURED GEOGRAPHY game we mentioned on May 27 has brought a storm of mail and new suggestions. You may recall that the game required manufacturing an unlikely town to go along with a state, such as: Seething Mass., or Faux, Pa., those latter being the suggestions of Marie Longyear and Delight Ansley of McGraw-Hill.

While space will not permit (as the rocket designer said to the astronaut) the listing of all the replies, a quick rundown of the mail brings out these facts: twelve readers submitted Metre, Cal.; nine, No, Cal. Nearly every writer included a tribute to Illinois, nearly all of them with the same meaning in different ways: Gravely, Ill.; Feeling, Ill.; Never, Ill.; Makesome, Ill.; Rather, Ill.; U-look, Ill.; and so forth. Hoop, La., was a popular favorite, as well as Requiem, Mass.; Dingdong, Del.; Vita, Minn., and Dunno, Alaska. Russell Miles, of the University of Illinos, came through with four biographical towns, such as: Guinan, Tex.; Coolidge, Cal.; Miller, Mich.; and Williams, Tenn. The Conklins, of Bon Air, Virginia, suggested a block-busting twister with Honisoiquimaly, Penn., while John Stevens offered Income, Tex. Rose Simon liked Genghis, Conn., but our final unofficial, nonredeemable, and no-cash award goes to Margaret Bennett, of Sherman Oaks, California, who presents the town Nohitsnorunsno, Ariz.

OUR RUMINATIONS about the ancient fly-in-the-soup jokes have prompted Franz Gartner, of Woodside, New York, to inform us that such a classification may be hundreds of years old. Mr. Gartner, a Ph.D. who specializes in basic research for humor ("seriously done," his letterhead states), repeats a yarn originating in a Benedictine monastery.

In the refectory, it is a strict rule that a monk cannot complain to the serving brother that something is amiss with his food or table setting. He has to wait until his table neighbor notices the

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deficiency, and calls this to the attention of the serving brother.

It so happened that a monk found a fly in his soup. He called the serving brother, and pointed out that the neighboring padre was lacking this condiment.

THINGS ARE SPEEDING UP all over these days. Sol Roskin, president of Process Lithographers of New York, claims to have developed a method of electronic book production that could increase the capacity of a 50,000 book-per-day plant to 200,000. Railroads are exploring the use of the Levacar, which might soon carry passengers on an air cushion at close to 500 miles per hour. Crown Publishers will be offering a book to speed up your child's I.Q. with "30 Days to a Higher I.Q. for Your Child." Doubleday's "The Trachtenberg Speed System of Basic Mathematics" is supposed to shorten the time for some mathematical calculations up to 80 per cent. Professor John G. Kemeny of Dartmouth College

is suggesting a library for A.D. 2000, in which a computer will take care of research requests in a matter of seconds by a simple dialing system.

But *Atlas Magazine* reports the quickest intergovernmental agreement reached in recent times. A Bulgarian official wrote his Ghana counterpart requesting that visiting dancers cover themselves "to conform with Bulgarian customs." The Ghana dignitary agreed —on the provision that the Bulgarian dancers on an exchange visit would "conform to the customs of Ghana" by presenting their dancers naked to the waist.

The Ghana dancers appeared in their customary way. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1421)

ANTHONY BARKER:

(THE) MAN NEXT TO ME
(Suggested by Mrs. Sumner Hayward)

June in the southern hemisphere is deep winter. You may wake to ice on the pond's edge and dress in woollen expectancy of penetrating cold, but by mid-morning the sun is in control of the day and remains until the time of a refrigerated evening star.

GROVE PRESS
is proud to announce the publication of the first American edition of a great international classic

HENRY MILLER'S
Tropic of Cancer

INTRODUCTION BY KARL SHAPIRO; PREFACE BY ANAÏS NIN

THE LITERARY WORLD has long hailed *Tropic of Cancer* as a major masterpiece. T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, George Orwell, Edmund Wilson, Lawrence Durrell, Norman Cousins, Sir Herbert Read, and many other leading writers of our time have characterized *Tropic of Cancer* as a modern American classic. Yet it has taken 27 years for Henry Miller's most important and, in the opinion of many, best work to be published in his own country.

LAWRENCE DURRELL: "For me, *Tropic of Cancer* stands beside *Moby Dick*. American literature today begins and ends with the meaning of what he has done. To read *Tropic of Cancer* is to understand how shockingly romantic all European writing after Rousseau has become. In Miller's book all the passions are there, stripped of their romantic envelope; it was not a book due to puritanical shock . . . It was the book of someone whose fidelity to himself had conquered the narrow confines in which we normally hem the range of subjects permissible to art."

SIR HERBERT READ: "One of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time."

KARL SHAPIRO: "I call Henry Miller the greatest living author because I think he is . . . Miller's achievement is miraculous: he is screamingly funny without making fun of sex, the way Rabelais does . . . Miller is accurate and poetic in the highest degree; there is not a smirk anywhere in his writings. Miller undoubtedly profited from the mistakes of his predecessors; his aim was not to write about the erotic but to write the whole truth about the life he knew . . ."

JOHN CIARDI: "Certainly there can be no doubt that *Tropic of Cancer* is a substantial work of art."

NORMAN COUSINS: "My congratulations on the courage and good taste which have led you to plan an American edition of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. Henry Miller is both condiment and nutriment. With the passing of the years his fare is much less exotically remote than it once seemed. It may be that we are growing up to him. In any case, we can celebrate our return to the feast. *Tropic of Cancer* is one of the noteworthy books of this century, as Miller is one of the adornments of modern American literature."

HORACE GREGORY: "*Tropic of Cancer* is one of the very few American novels coming out of the 1930's that is better today than when it was written and twice as much alive. As I reread the book I kept thinking of Huckleberry Finn — this book is Huck Finn in Paris, a living twentieth century Huck Finn, as unique as Huck himself."

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Saturday Review
JUNE 24, 1961

DIALOGUE WITH THE RUSSIANS

By NORMAN COUSINS

Moscow.

A RUSSIAN, looking somewhat distraught, rushed up to me in the Moscow railroad station and asked if I could tell him the number of the track for the train arriving from Kiev. Unfortunately, I could not. The only point of this little incident is that it probably would not have happened a few years ago. At that time, an American was clearly identifiable—generally by his shoes. Also, perhaps, at the upper end by a somewhat wide-eyed look—especially if he had just arrived himself.

Today, however, it's becoming increasingly difficult to tell Americans from Russians at a glance. Many male Muscovites now dress in the same approximate fashion as Americans—slacks, sports jacket, English-style shoes. Haircuts are generally in the American, rather than Continental, manner. Still another key fact is that so many Americans have visited all parts of the Soviet Union in the past few years that they have become absorbed in the general background.

More and more, Russian designers are looking to America—whether for styles in clothes, motorcars, or industrial products. Russians today only rarely cluster around parked American cars to observe the bulging rear decks and tailfins. Now they have rakish cars of their own, and it is interesting to see them admiring the new front grillwork, the splash and flash of the chromium dancing in their eyes.

Similarly, Americans in the Soviet Union today no longer blink when they see everyday people going into banks to make deposits or withdrawals or conduct transactions usually associated with a mercantile society. Nor are they any longer astonished by shops selling jewelry or electric razors or washing machines. Or by the forest of television antennas rising from the rooftops. Or by hotel dance orchestras playing a high quality of American jazz—sweet, cool, or hot. Or by Russian teenagers with Elvis Presley duck-tail coiffeurs. Or by the massive and ornamental skyscrapers. Or by women bricklayers, streetcar conductors, and ditchdiggers. Or by the existence of upper, middle, and lower classes in Soviet society.

Five years ago or less, a sense of elemental discovery seemed to be involved in even the most cursory meeting between Americans and Russians. It was as though the sheer fact of ideological and national separation had created two starkly distinct physical forms. Each tended to observe the other as though making a massive effort to penetrate a biological riddle. All this is no more. The staring phase of American-Soviet relations is ended. The serious dialogue phase now begins.

Conversations between Americans and Russians these days are increasingly free of the hackled tones that only recently seemed to be standard discoursing procedure. Certainly there is much less disposition to proclaim or perform in private talks; national destiny no longer seems to hang on every word. Only two years ago, as an ice-breaker in the cultural exchange program, I was involved in a formal confrontation with the executive committee of the Soviet Union of Writers. I recall my impatience to enter the lists. And I just as vividly recall the zest of the Soviet writers in taking me on. We met at the offices of the Writers Union. The affair was stiffly formal; I had the feeling we were trying to make noises like hardened foreign office spokesmen. I presented a series of demands calling for observance of copyright with respect to publication of American books in the Soviet Union. I made no attempt to conceal my indignation. The counterarguments were equally strong. I was informed that until such time as parity in publication of Soviet books in America was achieved there was little likelihood of a change in policy. At least a dozen other reasons were marshaled to justify the Soviet position. At the end, we all bowed stiffly or its equivalent, and went our separate ways, utterly convinced of the obtuseness of the other fellow.

Almost two years to the day later—which is to say, last week—I returned to the office of the Soviet Union of Writers. This time, however, I didn't have the sense that I was entering the arena of mortal combat with an extraplanetary species. I still felt as strongly

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as I ever did about the business of issuing books without consent or contract. But by now the element of primitive challenge had gone out of the exchange between Americans and Russians. Besides, many of the Soviet writers had visited the United States under State Department auspices and I had entertained some of them in my home. One of them had debated with me on American television; it was a fairly rough exchange but we came out of it good friends. At any rate, we were no longer viewing one another across a flaming gap. We had even reached the point where a case could be argued on its merits. And so, when I went to the offices of the Writers Union in Moscow a few days ago, we could exchange ideas as common members of a literary community and not as national gladiators. When I raised the problem of respect for American copyright, I did so in the context of a problem that concerned the writing profession as a whole. I made no elaborate pronouncements. I said I was aware that genuine difficulties lay in the way, involving intricate matters of trade balances and currency exchange, but that I was certain that all those present would recognize the validity of the basic principle that a writer's work was his own.

The response was most encouraging. The members present offered no rigid defense of the practice of bypassing copyright. As they spoke, it seemed clear enough that they were prepared to accept the principle of consent-and-contract. They said simply that they hoped their government before long would come up with a plan that could meet the difficulties, yet do honor to the principle I had defined. They asked that American writers recognize that this could not be done overnight but that at least a sincere effort would be made. I said I was most pleased with their assurance and that I could understand the need for patience. Then we went on to discuss writing and editing problems that existed apart from national difficulties or issues. It was a fruitful meeting; when I left I was not mumbling to myself.

On the basis of this and other conversations with other people prominently identified with publishing in the Soviet Union, I would state it as a reasonable guess that the entire question of copyright observance is being carefully examined by high policymakers in the Soviet Union. It would be a mistake to expect that all theoretical accumulated back royalties will be paid or that the rate of new royalty, if established, will be more liberal than that of most European countries, where it is strikingly low. But at least the general principle of copyright-plus-payment may be recognized, and this a change of considerable consequence—not just in publishing terms but as a possible reflection of a loosening-up process in the Soviet Union.

In any event, it is possible to have personal rapport with Soviet citizens on a far more effective level than seemed likely just a few years ago. For example, last fall, a dozen Soviet individuals, eminent in scholarship, science, and the arts came to the United States to meet with their opposite numbers. This was the first time that a group of private Soviet citizens had left their country to discuss key questions usually reserved for officials. The questions covered the wide range of Soviet-American relations in particular and world peace in general. The meeting was held at Dartmouth College, with President John Dickey as host. The requisite funds were provided by the Ford Foundation. The U.S. State Department had been informally consulted and interposed no objection to the meeting.

For a full week, the Dartmouth conferees examined the major issues between the two countries. Major positions were not substantially altered; there were no expectations in that direction by either side. But the important thing about Dartmouth was that lines of effective communication were opened up. Human relationships were established. Each position had the name of a man attached to it—someone who would sit next to you at the breakfast table, enjoy a stroll with you on the campus, swap humorous or not-so-humorous stories, go over family pictures together, and marvel at nature's fall bouquet. The hope, of course, was that a different frame of reference might be established – that problems would be considered not solely according to the national interest but according to their human interest. That aim might not have been fully achieved but at least there were moments when the common shock of human recognition seemed apparent.

It was possible at Dartmouth to exchange conflicting ideas without table-pounding or loss of tempers. And it was also possible to agree on the need to enlarge the exchange in order to bring public opinion of both countries into the dialogue. On one point, all were agreed: they wanted more. The next conference would be in the Crimea.

A few days after the Dartmouth Conference ended, George F. Kennan, one of the participants, met with some of his American colleagues and told of the impact the meeting had had on him. He had served in the Soviet Union for more than two decades. During all that time he had sought every opportunity for a frank exchange of views with Russians of genuine intellectual substance. But he had to wait until he came to Hanover, New Hampshire, to fulfill this aim. He said he hoped the Americans were aware of the unusual nature of their mutual experience. Ambassador Kennan was reassured on this point.

THIS, then, is the general background of the Crimea Conference, just concluded. It was somewhat larger than the Dartmouth meeting, in terms of participants. The informality was perhaps proportionately reduced; even so, there were ample opportunities for direct exchange. Several outings provided the occasion for creating the kind of relationship not always possible across the conference table. Incidentally, at Dartmouth, the Americans sat on one side of the table, the Russians on the other. At the Crimea Conference, the groups were interspersed. This facilitated open, rather than vis-à-vis, discussion.

In a sense, the Crimea meeting may have been more businesslike than Dart-

—*Retina S.*

Girl students in Kiev interrupt their group homework for the universal diversion.

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mouth. Perhaps it had to be. The agenda was a full one and a great deal of homework had to be accommodated in discussion. Each subject was introduced with at least one formal presentation. Hence there was not as much free-wheeling as at Dartmouth. But the questions were certainly considered in greater depth and the various complexities attending each of them were delineated in sequence and proportion.

The conferees tried to stay away from stereotypes. Pat phrases and slogans were avoided in the final joint statement. Also, as at Dartmouth, the significant thing about the Crimea meeting was not what came out of it, but that it was held. The effort was not to eliminate all differences but to define them with precision so that at least one would know where to take hold, given a real opportunity to do so.

IN ANY event, the essential point about the conferences is that it is now possible to have a personal relationship between Americans and Russians in a way that might eventually yield fruit in terms of far broader exchanges. Obviously, one would be foolish to expect to go plummeting into the Soviet Union and pluck intimate relationships like spring tulips. In this, as in all important matters, proper cultivation is necessary. Moreover, there is still a general reserve in the population as a whole about becoming too involved with foreigners. To be sure, people respond generously —indeed, there are few places in the world where Americans feel greater warmth toward them in everyday contacts—but genuinely deep rapport leading to long-term associations is not yet a wholesale matter. It may be that the conditioned reflexes of many years are not easily set aside. It is also possible, perhaps probable, that on the broad operational Party level, many of the old resistances are slow to change. Even so, the fact that change of this nature is occurring at all is promising and important.

Another hopeful indication is that, increasingly, people no longer feel obligated to sound like walking advertisements for their society. Occasionally, but not invariably, you will find Russians who seem relaxed about both achievements and shortcomings and who seem willing to describe the situation for what it is. The other day I visited a collective farm not far from one of the large cities. The individual homes of the farmers were sturdy and attractive; the community center building was highly functional; the equipment looked good. In a matter-of-fact way, my Russian friend told me not to think that this farm was a working sample of the collective units around the country. It was far above the average, even though it was not unique. Attempts were being made to raise the general level along lines worked out at this particular farm and various others like it. But it would be a long time before the countryside would be dotted with such modern establishments. I couldn't help reflecting that

—*Retina S.*

Park bench in the Ukraine: two traditionalists sit it out.

a few years ago no such qualifier was likely to be volunteered. If anything, the visitor was apt to be Potemkinized; that is, an attempt would be made to convince him that the model village or development was the standard one.

• • •

IT may be asked whether the enlarged possibilities for serious dialogue between Americans and Russians can produce any genuinely useful result, or whether anything can be learned or stated that was not known before.

The answer, perhaps, is that the attempt must be made to keep open the lines of communications regardless of tangible results. At Dartmouth and in the Crimea, at least, it was possible to maintain a relatively free flow of ideas. For example, the Americans were able through detailed discussion to develop the position that it was unreasonable to expect a nation to disarm if the conditions that caused it to arm in the first place remained the same. Disarmament, to be effective, must be coupled with a genuine attack on the fundamental causes of insecurity among nations. And this required a structured peace.

The Soviet participants displayed keen interest in the American emphasis on enforcement procedures for disarmament and on a world rule of law. They interposed no objection to adequate inspection and control in connection with genuine disarmament. Then they explained at considerable length their apprehensions lest legitimate inspection procedures for disarmament be made the occasion for all sorts of illegitimate purposes.

Out of this discussion came substantial accord on the need for adequate inspection and control strictly confined to comprehensive disarmament, and on the need to consider all the elements involved in the making of a durable peace.

In a real sense, the meetings also helped to clarify various aspects of Soviet thinking on the big questions of war and peace.

First, the nature of nuclear war has drastically reshaped old Marxist positions. Until just a few years ago, the Soviet leaders accepted the traditional Marxist-Leninist view that war was inevitable because of the inherent nature of capitalism. The full implications of the inevitability theory in the context of a nuclear war did not alter Soviet dogma. At first, the Soviet people were told that capitalism would perish in a nuclear war but that the Soviet Union was well able to withstand that kind of assault. More recently, however, the government position has taken the nuclear reality into account. Statements are no longer made about only capitalism perishing in the next war. The Soviet leaders now recognize that their own chances of effective survival are small.

One of Khrushchev's main themes has been domestic reconstruction and development. Under his prodding, tens of thousands of large housing developments have been, and are being, built. Hundreds of large new power plants and industrial developments have been put into operation. Having addressed himself to remaking the face of the Soviet Union, Mr. Khrushchev has no desire to see it disfigured in an atomic war. Hence the intensive policy directed at reducing the war threat and the modification of Marxist dogma to meet the new realities.

Not everyone in the Communist world goes along with this new interpretation. Communist China, for example. Here, too, practical factors govern the theory. China is comparatively unindustrialized; it is still predominantly an agricultural society. It has a mammoth population. Chinese leaders have openly declared that they could lose two or three hundred million in a nuclear war. The pressure to reinterpret Marx on the inevitability of war is not overwhelming. In fact, the new Soviet policy on this question has served as the basis for a severe doctrinal dispute inside the Communist world. For the same reasoning

(*Continued on page* 46)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Many-Sided Morality

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS new novel, **"The Winter of Our Discontent"** (Viking, $4.50), John Steinbeck has written what he intends to be a tract for the times, a sermon on the decay of moral standards. "Readers seeking to identify the fictional people and places here described," he announces, "would do better to inspect their own communities and search their own hearts, for this book is about a large part of America today." Unfortunately, the book is neither convincing as a piece of fiction nor persuasive as a sermon.

The time is emphatically the present—from Good Friday to the Fourth of July, 1960. The scene is a Long Island community, New Baytown, once a prosperous center of the whaling industry, and the hero is Ethan Allen Hawley, a descendant of whaling captains. The family having lost its wealth, Ethan is currently general factotum in a grocery store owned by a Sicilian.

The most important thing about Ethan as we meet him is that he is an honest man. Indeed, early in the book, several persons assure him that he is too honest for his own good. His employer is one of them. Another is the president of the local bank, an old friend of the Hawley family. A salesman gives Ethan a practical lesson in how to get ahead by offering him a bribe. But Ethan remains steadfast.

Suddenly, under a variety of pressures, Ethan decides to change his ways. In order to gain possession of the store, which he once owned, he betrays his boss, and, to protect his financial future, he takes advantage of a close friend. He also plans to rob the bank, but everything else turns out so well that he doesn't have to. Not only does he get hold of the store; he is in a position to exploit the wealthy men who have for years been exploiting the town.

Then disaster strikes in what is for Ethan, though not for the reader, an unexpected fashion. His fourteen-year-old son, Allen, has entered a national I Love America Contest, and, his essay having won honorable mention, he is to appear on television, which is the height of his ambition. Just in the nick of time, from the point of view of the sponsors of the contest, it is discovered that his essay was plagiarized. Ethan is so stricken that he almost commits suicide.

What is wrong with the novel as a novel is simply that it isn't plausible. In the first place, I cannot believe that Ethan Allen Hawley would do the things that Steinbeck has him do. To give Steinbeck his due, he makes us feel that Ethan is somebody we know. He is a thoughtful man, often amusing in a whimsical way, ashamed that he has fallen so far below the position of his ancestors, but proud of his fidelity to their moral teachings. I can believe that such a man might hold stubbornly to his unprofitable course. I can also believe that his standards might slowly erode under pressure. What I cannot believe is that he would deliberately seek to attain his ends by mean and underhanded methods. He might conceivably rob a bank, but he would not betray his friends.

In the second place, I am puzzled by the climax of the book. It is clear to the reader, and it should be clear to Ethan, that young Allen is perfectly capable of plagiarism. Indeed, he says again and again that all he wants is to lay his hands on some easy money. Ethan yaps at him, but he doesn't understand that the boy means what he says, and he is stupidly unprepared for what happens. (Ethan strikes me as a pretty poor sort of father.) Moreover, it does seem to me surprising that Ethan, with so much on his own conscience, has so little sympathy for his guilty child.

In the third place, I object to the slick way in which Steinbeck has carpentered the novel. Ethan prospers by virtue of the most extraordinary set of coincidences; even the bank robbery that never comes off is perfectly set up for him. Equally implausible is the way in which Allen almost gets away with his plagiarism; the advertising man who breaks the news to Allen says he can't understand what happened, and neither can I. I also dislike Steinbeck's way of playing with the supernatural, and I distrust his chronology. (Is it likely that Ethan, who was born after 1920, would have remembered, very well indeed, a grandfather who remembered the great days of New Baytown's eminence as a seaport?)

If it is difficult to take the novel seriously as a novel, it is impossible (for me) to be impressed by its message. A novel indicting our low moral state ought, I think, to deal with a representative person in a representative situation. Ethan is about as untypical an individual as one can imagine: a member of a distinguished though now impoverished family, a Harvard graduate, a captain in World War II, who after the war chose unaccountably to set himself up in the grocery business, and, having failed as a businessman, cheerfully spent a dozen years sweeping the store and waiting on customers. Moreover, when he yields to temptation, he does not engage in the kind of chiseling and cheating that we are all so well aware of but behaves in a dastardly fashion.

Steinbeck is not naïve enough to suppose that there was no corruption in America before 1950, but he assumes that the past decade has witnessed a decline in morality. If he is right, as very likely he is, he ought at least to show how this decline has come about. But his examination of our present situation is superficial. He says nothing, for instance, about the fact that our whole economy depends on the production and consumption of more and more unnecessary goods, and he says nothing about the part that advertising plays not only in creating a demand for these goods but also in shaping our moral standards. If his readers heed his exhortation to inspect their own communities, they will not find that the book has contributed much to their understanding of what they see.

FINALLY, Steinbeck has failed to resolve the problems he has raised. Ethan decides to go on living, lest another light (meaning his daughter) should go out, but we are not told how he proposes to come to terms with his conscience, or what he intends to do about his son, or what kind of life he and his family are going to lead. Like Calvin Coolidge's preacher, Steinbeck is against dishonesty, but he has not explored at any depth its causes, consequences, and cure, nor has he thrown any bright light on the practical problems of an honest man in our society.

Saul Bellow has written: "In this book John Steinbeck has returned to the high standards of 'The Grapes of Wrath' and to the social themes that made his early work so impressive and so powerful. Critics who said of him that he has seen his best days had better tie on their napkins and prepare to eat crow." Having greatly admired Steinbeck in the early years and having expressed disappointment with much of his recent work, I should have been happy to eat a little crow, but that is not what "The Winter of Our Discontent" has put on my plate.

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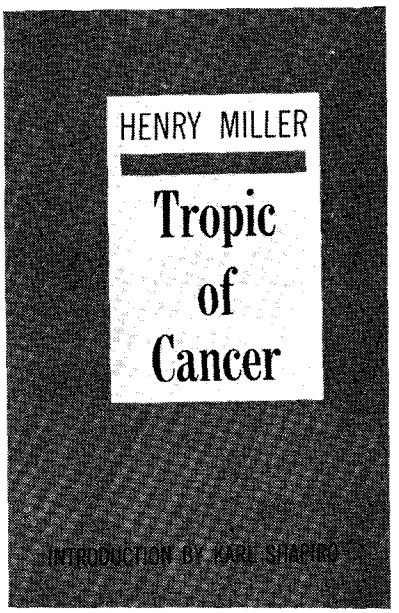
Book in the News



An Artist's Education

By Ben Ray Redman, *who has been evaluating literature for the Saturday Review for three decades.*

HENRY MILLER began to write **"Tropic of Cancer"** (Grove Press, $7.50) in 1931, the second year of his life in Paris, when he was often broke, always on the prowl for food, reduced to mean shifts and dodges, and frequently forced to use a park bench for a bed. After having been rewritten three times, it was published in the city of its birth in 1934, and the lynx-eyed guardians of our morality promptly decreed that no copy of it should cross the chaste frontiers of the United States.

Of course they were outwitted, as such censors always are; but "Cancer" remained contraband for seventeen years. Now it appears with jacket eulogies from men whose opinions command respect, a fervent preface by Anaïs Nin, as well as an introduction by Karl Shapiro, in which facts, critical judgments, a couple of errors, and adulation commingle.

Seldom has a book come to us laden with such praise. Mr. Shapiro, who calls Miller "the greatest living author," once thought it would be a fruitful idea to put "a bible of Miller's work . . . in every hotel room in America, after removing the Gideon Bibles and placing them in the laundry chutes." Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, George Orwell, and Edmund Wilson have saluted "Cancer" as a modern classic. Horace Gregory thinks of it as "Huck Finn in Paris"—an original and provocative conception. John Ciardi writes that "there can be no doubt that 'Tropic of Cancer' is a substantial work of art." Harry T. Moore finds it "a healthy book, not an unclean one." Sir Herbert Read proclaims it to be "one of the most significant contributions to the literature of our time."

Before expressing my own opinion of Miller's work, and of "Cancer" in particular, I must make clear my attitude towards censorship.

In 1930 I wrote for *Scribner's Magazine* an article, "Is Censorship Possible?" It was reprinted last year in a large anthology, "The First Freedom" (American Library Association). In it I argued that although religious, political, and military censorship can be exercised with varying degrees of success, "sex-censorship has never had and never will have a chance of accomplishing a fraction of its intention . . . for the simple reason that such censorship must seek to control an uncontrollable force by the futile expedient of eliminating stimuli that are infinitely replaceable." Everyone—even a child—can roll his own obscenity, his own pornography. "Critical censorship must always be defeated by creative obscenity . . . Obscenity does not reside in the stimulating object, but in the determined-to-be-stimulated subject; the sin, if sin there be, is not outside us, it is within."

As for the famous four-letter words, they are taboo—when they are—only because of convention indefensible by reason. "Ordure" and "copulate," for example, have exactly the same meanings as their more common equivalents, and evoke the same mental images. What are being objected to, then, are mere sounds. A foolish business, one might think; but of late the areas of objection have, of course, been shrinking rapidly.

It should be added that once a taboo word emerges into general usage it loses its potency. We now refer to a woman's "leg," instead of her "limb," with no feeling of verbal daring.

Perhaps Mr. Shapiro is right in calling Miller the greatest living author, but this can be proved or disproved only with time. Certainly he is one of the most remarkable, most truly original authors of this or any age. He is a word-master whose range, so far as I know, is unique in breadth and depth. All the ugliness and much of the beauty of the world, all the evil and much of the good, lie within his understanding and expressive grasp. Miller can be astonishing, enchanting, and revolting.

That he plays host to certain obsessions cannot be denied, and their fruit must always alienate many readers—not all of them prudes. Mr. Shapiro declares that Miller loathes cleanliness, which means that he loves dirt. This love is eloquently celebrated in "Cancer," many portions of which add up to a peerless specimen of coprology. Lice, bedbugs, cockroaches, and tapeworms crawl across its pages; they are spattered with spittle, pus, vomit, scum, and excrement; blood, bile, semen, and sewers flow through them.

Women, most of them prostitutes, throng "Tropic of Cancer." Miller and his pals lust after them daily, and perform feats of satyriasis; but in their thoughts and talk a woman is seldom a "woman"—she is a four-letter name for a portion of her anatomy.

Filth and fornication, however, fill only a portion of Miller's world. He can write like an angel or like a hog in a reeking pen, but never like a man who has compromised with either life or art. His descriptions of Paris—its streets, squares, houses, public buildings, brothels, cheap hotels, slums and dives, its air and sunlight, and its river that flows through the city "like a great artery running through the human body"—are matchless. His words on art and artists, the United States, the lockstep of conformity, Matisse, Dostoevsky, Joyce, Proust, mankind's future, and a score of other topics, keep the reader's mind alert with their challenges.

In humorous portraits, usually drawn without malice, he strips bare the folly and foibles of his companions during the down-and-out days in Paris—and spares himself no more than his fellows. His account of a newspaper proofreader's life is a masterpiece of insight and expression; the months spent in Dijon move him to furious evocation.

His sketches of women are various and vital. The history of his protean moods is fascinating. He contradicts himself without apology. He has put into words the education of an artist who believes that "art is only a means to life, to the life more abundant," of a writer who says, "I do not consider myself a writer, in the ordinary sense of the word. I am a man telling the story of his life . . ."

Readers who find "Tropic of Cancer" emetic—as Judge Woolsey found "Ulysses"—and who thrust it from them, will miss much; but there is no reason to sneer at them. The only censorship that can work in this field is self-censorship, and surely it is permissible. But any public censor who touches this book will touch living tissue—much of it disgusting, much of it beautiful.

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In Arrogance and Anguish

"Rembrandt," by Gladys Schmitt *(Random House. 657 pp. $5.95), develops the lights and shadows in the complex character of the seventeenth-century Dutch master. Frances O'Brien, for many years SR's cover artist, has painted the murals for numerous public buildings.*

By Frances O'Brien

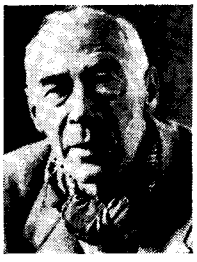
THE GREATEST Dutchman of them all is revealed in a fictional biography by Gladys Schmitt that is able to hold its own with Rembrandt's mighty succession of self-portraits. Miss Schmitt has stretched her vast canvas to include the rarely told early years and Rembrandt van Rijn's pious Protestant background, as well as his first apprenticeship under the provincial van Swanenburgh in Leyden.

The book gathers momentum as peripheral and background material is marvelously brushed in, and vivid secondary characters, many recognizable from Rembrandt's paintings, appear. The portrait of Rembrandt himself emerges slowly, from the first clash of the miller's son with his silky second master, Lastman of Amsterdam, through his disgusted return to Leyden to "learn from God," and his final settling in Amsterdam, where his first big commission awaits him. At this point the study is brought brilliantly into focus. As Rembrandt becomes the toast of Amsterdam, loves and marries the childish, aristocratic Saskia, who has "all the graces and none of the skills," and moves with her into a princely mansion, Miss Schmitt creates an unforgettable image which unites past, present, and future.

We see Rembrandt famous, his cup running over, identifying the beloved Saskia with the radiance of success; simultaneously we see backward in time to his rejected, humble family bound to the Leyden malt mill, and forward to the ruin and demoralization that is prefigured as inevitable. Rembrandt the name-tosser, the profligate spender who insults his sitters and charges them unmercifully for portraits, whose arrogance increases as he makes enemies of fellow painters—we are led by the author's skilled hand to know that his debacle will spring from within more than without. At the same time, his "black streak of self-destruction" may be the *felix culpa* that will make possible ultimate redemption.

A few incidents during the peak of his technical mastery and professional success foretell the crash—the way falling stones herald a landslide. The catastrophe that follows is compounded of *hubris* and bad luck. Apart from his servant-mistress and a few loyal diehards, the artist finds comfort chiefly in his Sephardic Jewish friends, who are uniformly kind to him. As he haunts the synagogue for models among the Eastern European Ashkenazim, the Christocentric nature of his art and being rises like a phoenix from the ashes of failure. A vagabond, Nahum, summons him to revelation:

> Rembrandt knew that this alien and unwanted thing, this stark insistence on the bitter actuality that embarrassed and admonished them all, was the substance of Christ himself. As this foreign and unsettling Nahum had stood in the rabbi's parlor, so He must have stood in the courts of the Temple among the Scribes and Pharisees, incapable of their rational compromise, urgent with the afflictions of the multitude, Himself remembering and forcing others to remember the black chambers of the heart, and the hungry mouths and the begging



Henry Miller

"CANCER" AND THE COPS: Tourists trying to smuggle "Tropic of Cancer" past the U.S. Customs will still have to yield it to the inspector if he finds it but, as of this writing, they can repair the loss by simply walking into the nearest bookshop, where, chances are, they will find Grove Press's first American edition.

With the formal publication date set for June 24, Grove's entire first printing of 30,000 copies was shipped out in May to bookshops and department stores all over the country. Whether a contemplated second printing can be distributed is problematical: the U.S. Post Office has declared the book "obscene and nonmailable," and a hearing is scheduled for this week.

It was Grove whose publication here of the unexpurgated "Lady Chatterley's Lover" led to a court decision acquitting the Lawrence novel of similar charges. That victory, however, was not the main factor in the decision to issue Henry Miller's controversial work, according to Grove's publisher and editor, Barney Rosset. "For years I've been asking Miller to let me do it," he said, "but he always refused." Mr. Rosset has been an admirer of the author since his student days at Swarthmore College, where in 1940 he devoted a freshman English term paper to "Tropic of Cancer." "I've always thought," he said, "it was very forbearing of them not to ask where I got the book."

In January 1961 Henry Miller suddenly changed his mind and consented to an American edition of "Cancer," and Grove immediately went into action. Copies of the novel sent to the firm from Paris invariably wound up in the Post Office's erotica collection; so, in order to obtain enough books for his typographers to work from, Mr. Rosset had them mailed to the homes of friends, in parcels bearing fictitious addresses.

Save for a limited edition published in Germany, the only authorized "Tropic of Cancer" hitherto has been that of Obelisk Press in Paris, first published in 1934 and kept continuously in print.

Mr. Rosset is confident that "Tropic of Cancer" will be able to weather the censorship storms. Only three bookstores, Brentano's, Doubleday, and Scribner's, have declined to carry it. The august New York *Times*, which at first refused advertising for "Chatterley," has been printing ads for "Cancer" without qualm. Mr. Rosset is already mulling over plans to publish the remainder of Miller's banned works, beginning probably with "Tropic of Capricorn."

"I assume the Post Office, having once made a serious error, which the courts corrected, will not make the same mistake again," he said. "The assumption seems particularly justifiable because the Post Office decision in the 'Lady Chatterley' case was the work of one man—the former Postmaster General. I trust that the present Postmaster General is fully aware that serious and respected works of literature cannot constitutionally be excluded from the mails." —Ruth Brown.

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hands and the goods ill-gotten and ill-kept so long as others had no bread . . .

Miss Schmitt's daring interpretations of the spiritual and psychological significance of his last paintings may be open to question, but they are never inconsistent. Would Rembrandt have been surprised that such philosophical profundities should be attributed to him? Foolish question. How otherwise could we have had this book, wherein the master of chiaroscuro might have seen sweeping shadows and golden highlights not too unlike his own?

EXTINCT ERA: The snowflake is not less an organized pattern than the most elaborate canvas. One briefly hesitates whether to place Peter Vansittart's remarkable novel **"The Tournament"** (Walker, $3.95) in the first category or in the second. No book I have read lends itself more to the pictorial analogy, almost obligatory with historical fiction, where anything having a setting earlier than the Industrial Revolution and a cast of more than three is usually likened to a tapestry.

But rather than a tapestry "The Tournament" resembles a Book of Hours. The writing produces an immediate, visual impact, with all the bright, detailed, panoramic effect of late-medieval miniatures: so that it has something of both the microscopic order and purity of the single snow crystal and the teeming abundance of a crowded tableau.

The tournament of the title, whose inception, preparation, climax, and aftermath provide the outline of the story, is a symbol of the Middle Ages —an era which, unrealized by all concerned, has just come to an end. Modern times have dawned. The great event takes place, but without the crucial contest round which it was planned; and its lavish decorations are left standing, relic of an extinct form of life, gradually to decay.

From their own compact atmosphere, turgid and glittering with the influences of a pagan past, Christianity, and burgeoning Renaissance; from the medley of scholasticism, magic, infinite ceremonial, filth and splendor, disease and art, barbarism, decadence, and fresh inquiry, the novel's characters emerge distinct but alien: recognizably of the species of thinking man, sentient, speaking intelligibly, yet opaque to an entirely different civilization.

It is all built up by what I call the clue-scattering method of presentation. We get our data only obliquely and piecemeal. This is an excellent and worthy way of recreating a bygone reality—so long as it does not degenerate into a game of hide and seek between author and reader. This it here does sometimes, and sometimes the carefully evocative lists of foods, gems, and colors come near to killing by sheer weight of incrustation what they are meant to bring alive by a series of small sensual shocks. And while it would be ungrateful to demand mobility from a set of hieratic stills, I waited to the last for a sense of actual development to suffuse this portrait of an age in transition. But if one judges Mr. Vansittart by the highest standards, he has only his own shining gifts to blame. —Edith Simon.

FLEDGLING EFFORT: "Promising" is the word for the apprentice collection **"Jordan's Stormy Banks and Other Stories"** (Atheneum, $4).

At twenty-four, Mary Elsie Robertson writes a neat, quiet prose that is sometimes graceful and nearly always controlled. She can come up with fresh and accurate perceptions, as when she says of a minister pressed into an awkward situation that "he felt like turning his feet down to his ankles and walking on the sides of his shoes as he had when he was a child and embarrassed." She still has much to learn, however, about how to build her language into dramatically satisfying fiction.

At least two of these twelve stories are memorable: a gentle, lively one called "Homecoming," in which a couple of world travelers return to impress and baffle their Arkansas neighbors, and an incisive one called "Hidden Sin," in which a little girl's sense of guilt is sharply portrayed.

But most of the others don't come off, for various reasons. In "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," and to a lesser extent in the title story, the trouble is that the author condescends to her ignorant, Bible-belt characters, making them smaller than life and giving them motives so single-minded as to lack the feel of human complexity. Elsewhere, as in a solemn piece called "Brother and Sister," her work seems stifled by the close air of the creative-writing classroom. And the last story, about a group of young tourists in Italy, is amateurishly thin and confused.

As her publishers say, Miss Robertson is "someone to watch." With work, luck, and time she may well become someone to read with consistent pleasure. —Richard Yates.

At the County Fair

By Edsel Ford

ARMED with some merciless notions, the high school band
ambushed Sousa outside the poultry building,
seeing, as it were, the whites of the eyes
of twenty village queens in pastel formals,
each with her pastel heart set on the crown:
Miss Benton County Fair of 1960.

In the pigeon cages, a general rout ensued.
The pouters pouted, the fantails fanned, the
trumpeters trumpeted loud and long.
The nuns and helmets claimed immunity
by their vestures, and what's more:
the archangels wondered who in hell
had stolen their thunder and jumped Judgment Day.
The English carriers carried on, if not in English;
the racing homers would have raced home gladly
except for U. S. Steel, which does
a prison make. The tumblers tumbled.
A magpie croaked Retreat.

Shall I report that the new queen fell on her face?
that the M.C. was exiled for certain unmanly remarks?
that a child of six picked the locks on the pigeon cages?
or the band, forty strong in brand new uniforms,
fell into a chasm which opened miraculously?

No; but a moment later the C. of C.
manager was seen to snap an old lady's head off
and, wondrous to tell, her body was borne up
by two white sacred doves who through it all
had kept their peace, though they had won
nothing at all, not even a white ribbon.

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Shortest Route to Significance

*"**What Is Philosophy?,**" translated by Mildred Adams (Norton. 252 pp. $4.50), "**Meditations on Quixote,**" translated by Evelyn Rugg and Diego Marín (Norton. 165 pp. $4.50), and "**History as a System,**" translated by Helene Weyl (Norton. 269 pp. $4.50), **by José Ortega y Gasset,** help illuminate the Spanish writer whose influence in Europe and Latin America has been immeasurable. Albert William Levi wrote "Philosophy and the Modern World."*

By Albert William Levi

A NUMBER of years ago I went into the best bookstore in Guadalajara, Mexico. The selection in philosophy was scanty, but proudly on the shelves, almost alone, stood the "Obras Completas" of Ortega. Not so long afterwards I had a similar experience in Austria. The bookstore in Graz was excellent, but no Dewey or Russell, no Jaspers or Heidegger was on its shelves. There were only a volume of Sartre and three or four of Ortega.

Most of us in the United States know Ortega as the author of a single distinguished volume, "The Revolt of the Masses," but we hardly realize that he is the most influential philosopher in Latin America, and that in central Europe his reputation is prodigious. This is also understandable, for Ortega was one of the last great representatives of that European Culture which, since Goethe, has ravished the Western mind.

It is quaint that such a universal man should come out of the insularity of Spain. Salvador de Madariaga has also noticed this in contrasting Ortega with that other great Spanish metaphysician and *Kulturmensch,* Unamuno. "Ortega," he said not long ago, "was our Turgenev and Unamuno was our Dostoevsky. Ortega would Europeanize Spain, while Unamuno would Hispanify Europe."

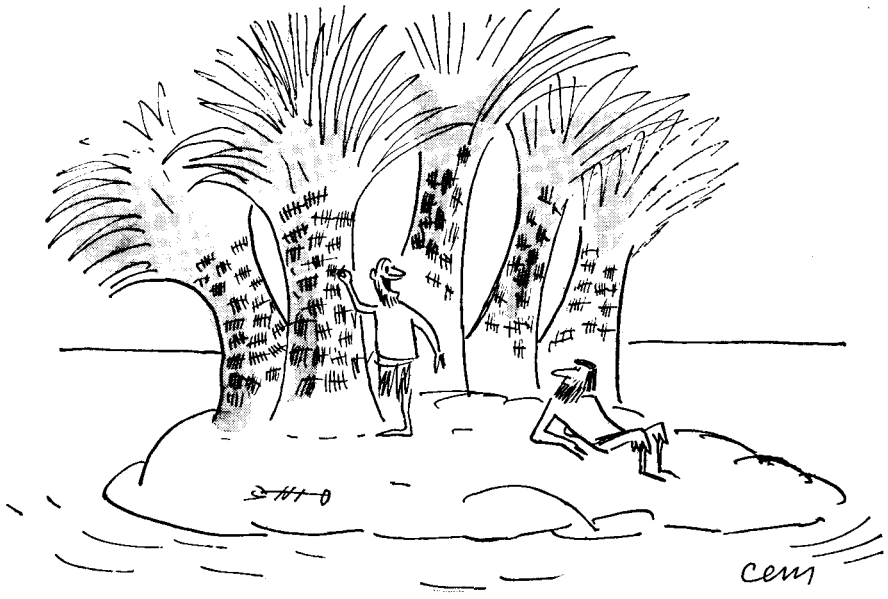
One can well understand it. Ortega was trained as a metaphysician (his post-graduate studies were in Leipzig, Berlin, and especially Marburg), and he has never lost his enthusiasm for Rickert, Windelband, and particularly Dilthey, whose *Lebensphilosophie* has left upon him an indelible impression. But he does not write like a German metaphysician. Instead he writes with the facility and aplomb of a Santayana. Like Santayana he is at his best not with systematic exposition, but with wit, epigram, and glancing phrase. His true vehicle of expression is not the treatise, but the essay or "meditation." He is often at his best when he digresses.

Born in 1883, Ortega's whole career has been expressive of cosmopolitanism and diversity. He was professor of metaphysics at the University of Madrid from 1910 to 1936. He was founder and editor of the *Revista de Occidente,* one of the great cultural forces in the Spanish-speaking world until its suppression in 1936. A delegate to the Spanish Chamber of Deputies in 1931, Ortega left Spain at the time of the Civil War and lived in France, Holland, Portugal, and Argentina for the next ten years. He has lectured in Germany, Switzerland, and the United States (1949). He died in Madrid five years ago.

W. W. Norton seems to be slowly issuing (or reissuing) in English all of his important works, and the three listed above—"Meditations on Quixote," "What Is Philosophy?," and "History as a System"—have just appeared. Taken together they sum up the chief themes that have engaged Ortega: literature, philosophy, history, and culture. "History as a System" was published by Norton twenty years ago under the title "Toward a Philosophy of History": the present volume is a reissue and therefore I shall have little to say about it. But the other two are now published in English for the first time and are of considerable interest.

Written in 1914, "Meditations on Quixote" was Ortega's first book. As with Unamuno, much in Cervantes's masterpiece was here taken as a clue to the understanding of Spain and the Spanish mind. But what is interesting is Ortega's literary method. He called his brief meditations "salvations" or "experiments in intellectual love," and from the beginning he was candid about their purpose. "What is sought in them is the following: given a fact—a man, a book, a picture, a landscape, an error, a sorrow—to carry it by the shortest route to its fullest significance. We want to place the objects of all kinds which life, in its perpetual surge, throws at our feet like the useless remains of a shipwreck, in such a position that the sun as it strikes them may give off innumerable reflections."

Using this technique he explores the idea of "depth" in metaphysics, the nature of philosophic illumination, the dreaming lethargy of Spain, Mediterranean culture and its "landscape of ideas," which is somehow shallow compared to the German North. Latin thinkers, he says, have a formal elegance under which lies a grotesque combination of ideas. And this is because for twenty centuries the Mediterranean peoples have produced artists and thinkers in whom the sensuous has prevailed, who do not "think" clearly, but who "see" clearly. In Cervantes this



"Hooray! The statute of limitations has taken effect."

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power of vision is literally incomparable, and something of its power Ortega tries to assimilate to his own work.

Still, Ortega himself is a thinker, always (like Hegel) interested in "the concept," always dissatisfied with mere surfaces, and keyed to the search for their deeper meanings. "Do not force me," he says, "to be only a Spaniard if by Spaniard is meant only a man of the sundrenched coast. Do not introduce civil war into my heart; do not incite the Iberian within me with his harsh, wild passions, against the blond man of Germanic heritage, meditative and sentimental, who breathes in the twilight zone of my soul." The Germanic, meditative spirit is perhaps uppermost in Ortega, and it leads him to the clear and important insights into epic and the novel, poetry and the past, myth and reality, heroism and tragedy, which complete this short and brilliant work.

"What Is Philosophy?" is a course of lectures that Ortega gave in Buenos Aires in 1928 and repeated in Madrid in 1929, and it is the most systematic of his works currently in English. Denying the thesis of positivism that philosophy must stay prone, "humiliated by the imperialism of physics and frightened by the terrorism of the laboratories," Ortega defines it as a quest, a science without presuppositions, a certain attempt to marry concepts with one another, a sort of joviality or good humor with which one seeks to know the universe. But what then are the primary facts that one should know? One by one Ortega destroys older claims to truth: Descartes's doubt dropping like nitric acid on the security of the external world; the idealist's primary of the thinking subject; the naïve "realism" of Plato and the ancient world.

Showing how subjectivity ends in the solitude and loneliness of the self, Ortega arrives finally at a position much like Heidegger's: that not my body or my thought but "my life" is the primary datum of philosophy, and that I discover "my life" as I find "my being in the world." Thus man is both free and destined; destined by his "circumstances," but free to decide what he is going to be. And this requires profound self-knowledge. To find ourselves, *to be concerned,* to make a direction—this is the philosophic vocation of man.

Coming upon these ideas thirty years later, after existentialism and phenomenology have made them commonplace, may impair the sense of freshness, but it will not prevent one from rereading Ortega with admiration and pleasure. For it is to renew acquaintance with a man who is an intellectual by calling, who pretends to nothing else, and who is this with passion.

WARRIORS

Command on a Field of Sand

"The Desert Generals," by Correlli Barnett *(Viking. 283 pp. $6), evaluates the British commanders and lieutenants who bested the Axis in North Africa. Mark S. Watson, a Pulitzer Prize-winner, wrote, among other studies, "The Chief of Staff: Prewar Plans and Preparations."*

By Mark S. Watson

TO A READING public which in the past eighteen years has generally accepted Field Marshal Montgomery of Alamein as the commander chiefly responsible for turning back Rommel's German-Italian forces at the gates to Cairo, a radically different appraisal of that historic event of late 1942 comes as a shock. It is at hand in the first American publication of "The Desert Generals," which, for all the youthfulness of the writer (born in 1927), has received high praise from English critics, notably those who have always been skeptical of Monty's infallibility.

Correlli Barnett's research has been long and wide and deep, and it has made possible not only a narrative of absorbing liveliness but by far the most complete record, in this readable form, of the whole period of confused fighting back and forth from mid-1940 to early 1943 in a 400-mile stretch of appalling desert. Extensive reference notes citing British and German records, plus prepublication scrutiny of the text by most of the senior officers in the desert fighting, compel one to examine the author's conclusions with respect, if not uniform agreement.

He boldly suggests that, save for interference from London, Britain would have won the desert war earlier and at far less cost; that Sir Richard O'Connor, "the forgotten victor" in a ten weeks' astonishing campaign, was in reality "the greatest of all Britain's desert generals"; that Sir Claude Auchinleck, laboriously and by radical reforms rebuilding a British Eighth Army which Rommel had all but shattered, was the true "victor of Alamein" by his smashing back of Rommel in the first "turning-point" battle of Alamein (July, 1942); that Montgomery, profiting by his predecessor's planning and by an enormous

—*Keystone.*

Correlli Barnett—"careful appraisals."

recent addition to British Eighth Army resources, should have crushed Rommel's forces much earlier; that, accordingly, the second battle of Alamein (whence Lord Montgomery's title) was really an unnecessary battle and the ensuing pursuit of the defeated Rommel a timid yet expensive one, even though it ended in the overwhelming victory in Tunisia a few months later.

The book's five portraits present, successively, O'Connor, Sir Alan Cunningham, Sir Neil Ritchie, Auchinleck, and Montgomery as the field commanders. With them are less detailed studies of Sir Archibald Wavell ("certainly the greatest British soldier of the Second World War") and of such ranking lieutenants as Norrie, Gott, Dorman-Smith, Ramsden, Gatehouse, and Lumsden. There is unconcealed admiration for Rommel's extraordinary skill and boldness in repeatedly beating superior forces by employing such revolutionary control of his own armor and mobile infantry as Auchinleck himself eventually recommended. There is great skill in the author's careful appraisals of most of the British commanders, whether in their dreadful setbacks or in such astonishing successes as O'Connor's over the bewildered Graziani, "Electric Whiskers" Bergonzoli, and Tellera. That record of a ten weeks' campaign, initiated by Wavell as a raid on the overconfident Italians (seeking "to buy a Roman triumph at an Italian price") but pushed on and on

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by his bold field commander, is worth resummarizing: O'Connor had 36,000 men, and was short of equipment, he advanced 300 miles, destroyed ten Italian divisions, took 130,000 prisoners, 400 tanks, and 1,200 guns, at the cost of 476 British killed and 1,268 wounded and missing.

Cunningham and Ritchie had no such rare talent, but their misfortunes are treated charitably. Auchinleck's setbacks are frankly appraised, and his great successes hailed. Not Montgomery's. Even a reader disinclined to join in the conventional praise of the waspish Monty will be uneasy about Mr. Barnett's really savage criticisms of that warrior, whose successes in the desert and later in Europe nevertheless were real; Monty's troops' admiration for him was surely based on something beyond the fact that he won battles and generally was thrifty with his men's lives. Monty's deficiencies and his bad manners are no secret, but they do not constitute the major part of his character and his performance, as Mr. Barnett's acid appraisal would suggest.

Much the same must be said for the author's treatment of Winston Churchill, whose high-level decision to divert most of the triumphant Wavell-O'Connor force to a foredoomed adventure in Greece and Crete did in fact run counter to all military judgment, and whose relief of Auchinleck and his ablest lieutenants at the moment of victory can hardly be judged a Churchillian stroke either of genius or of justice. The might-have-beens in war are always fascinating; Greece was a military disaster, no less, but who can say that the British military sacrifice had no long-range political influence? The world over, statesman and general are not always in agreement, nor is either always right.

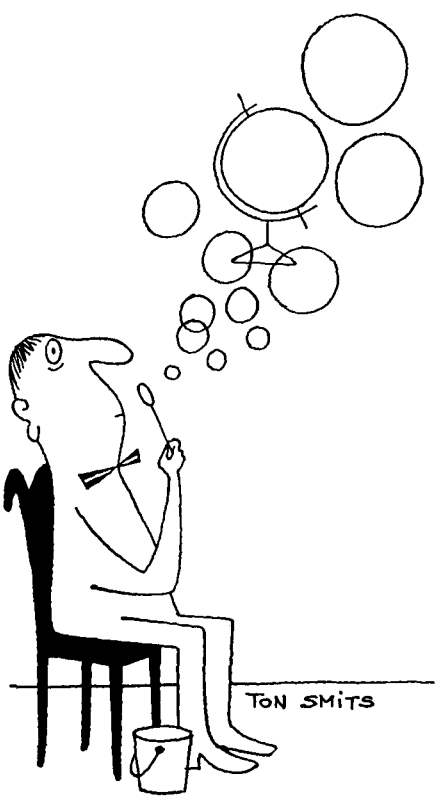
This impressive book is far more than a portrait of the five desert generals and their operations. It is a vivid presentation of the whole war in North Africa; of the exactions imposed by the desert's bleakness and its extent and its rocky escarpments; of the ingenuity with which handicaps were created and overcome; of the massive errors in Rome and Berlin as well as in London; of the tremendous stakes in the struggle. For if Egypt had been taken by Rommel (and the British fleet hastily pulled away from Alexandria when Alamein was in doubt) the Middle East would have been lost—the route across Persia to Russia, the neutrality of Turkey, and, worst of all, the oil fields upon which Britain was dependent. None of the familiar earlier books on this subject has presented the whole picture so fully and so readably.

Was Hiroshima Necessary?

"Japan Subdued: The Atomic Bomb and the End of the War in the Pacific," by Herbert Feis *(Princeton. 187 pp. $4), considers a fateful decision reached at Potsdam on July 25, 1945. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

AS EARLY as July 11, 1945, in a message addressed to their Ambassador in the Soviet Union, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs stated that they were sounding out the extent to which they "might employ the USSR in connection with the termination of the war." Subsequent messages indicated a growing sense of urgency that hostilities be brought to an end. Having broken the Japanese code, we were aware of the first démarche when the Potsdam Conference opened on July 16, 1945, and further exchanges between Tokyo and Moscow were intercepted and their contents made available to our delegation during the Potsdam proceedings.



However, in spite of mounting evidence that Japan was rapidly approaching exhaustion and defeat, the decision was taken at Potsdam on July 25th to use the atomic bomb as soon after August 3rd as weather conditions permitted. Many informed individuals here and abroad have questioned the morality and the wisdom of the decision. In "Japan Subdued," Herbert Feis arrives at no sure answer to this question. But having examined with punctilious care a vast mass of relevant material—some of it never previously available—he places before the reader in a manner beyond all praise the perplexity with which a variety of deeply conflicting considerations confronted President Truman and his closest advisers.

It is perhaps idle to speculate today about what the Japanese reaction would have been had we been willing at the time of the Potsdam Proclamation, or shortly thereafter, to make a positive commitment on the future status of the Emperor. Having asked "whether it was *essential* to use the bomb in order to compel the Japanese to surrender on our terms," Dr. Feis asserts categorically that "it was not." But "if, then, use of the bomb was not essential, was it justified—justified, that is, as the surest way, in combination with other measures, to bring about the earliest surrender?" The evidence so painstakingly assembled by the author warrants no dogmatic conclusion. But this much is clear: in view of the extraordinary pressures and manifold uncertainties under which they were laboring, those responsible for making the fateful choice should at the very least be accorded the benefit of the doubt.

A striking feature of this arresting volume is the manner in which the author has presented the day-by-day discussions at the imperial and ministerial level in Japan in juxtaposition with contemporaneous developments at Potsdam. And of the many participants in the drama the individual who stands out head and shoulders above all others is our Secretary of War, Henry Stimson. He is quoted extensively by Dr. Feis, and from these quotations there emerges the picture of a man superbly endowed with intuition, imagination, and sound judgment.

If not the first, Henry Stimson was

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surely among the very first to look upon the atomic bomb as not "merely . . . a new weapon but as a revolutionary change in the relation of man to the universe, with more effect on human affairs than the theory of Copernicus and the law of gravity. So he stressed his realization that success in utilizing the energy of the atom would mean either the doom or perfection of civilization; it might turn out to be a Frankenstein's monster that would devour all or a blessing that would make the world secure."

This was in 1945. The choice between the doom or the perfection of civilization has not as yet been made. In "Japan Subdued" Dr. Feis has written an epilogue to four earlier volumes dealing with vital phases of the diplomatic background of the Second World War. And he closes his latest narrative on this somber note: "The war against the Axis was fought by the Western allies to protect their freedom and place in the world. The ordeal was sustained not only by courage and pride and anger, but by the aspiring belief that once the aggressive enemy was defeated, the world might live in tranquil, unclouded peace. We have, instead, a precarious truce resting on mutual terror. History at this point leaves all eternity in peril."

CAROLINA PARTISAN: Last surviving general of the American Revolution, Thomas Sumter had become by the Age of Jackson the incarnation of the Spirit of '76. A myth rather than a man, whose imperious behavior and mistakes of military judgment were long since buried, Sumter rebuilt his reputation by his astute political leadership of the anti-Federalist and Jeffersonian forces in his home state.

Robert D. Bass, whose feeling for and knowledge of the Carolina back country and its people served him in good stead in his previous biographies of the "Green Dragon" (Banastre Tarleton) and the "Swamp Fox" (Francis Marion), has now in **"Gamecock: The Life and Campaigns of General Thomas Sumter"** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6) added a vivid and swift-moving portrait to his gallery. Although the basic research on Sumter's life was already done by Anne King Gregorie, and Dr. Bass has added little new in terms of fact, he has managed to bring the Carolina Partisan back to life and to present him as a curious blend of audacity, vanity, and ambition.

Sumter epitomized the fluidity of class on the early American frontier. An Indian fighter and scout, born of poor frontier parents, he made some money as a country trader, married a rich widow eleven years his senior, and throughout his life indulged in an orgy of land speculation that kept him teetering on the brink of insolvency. When Tarleton laid waste his home, Sumter worked out the plan for guerrilla fighting, the gathering of a mobile force to lurk in the swamps along the Catawba River, devastate the homes and scorch the land of the Tories, and kill Redcoats at the fords and ferries. For a time he commanded the only corps of Whigs still organized and fighting in South Carolina.

Too self-centered to fit into the general strategy of larger forces, and a thorn in the side of Nathanael Greene, Sumter was unable to control his own troops at Hanging Rock and suffered defeat at Fishing Creek, which he recouped by his decisive trouncing of Tarleton at Blackstock's. Because of his failure to carry out Nathanael Greene's explicit orders to keep in Rawdon's front and to intercept the British commander, he was held largely responsible for the Patriot reverse at Ninety-Six, and his military career came to a humiliating conclusion at Quinby.

If then Sumter's effectiveness as a Partisan must be rated several notches below that of Francis Marion, his military statesmanship gave him a singular notoriety. He had the presumption to issue "Sumter's Law," a decree of dubious legality, providing that the state troops would be reimbursed for their services with slaves plundered from the Tories. This barbaric scheme made a mockery of the Declaration of Independence, and it is to the honor of Francis Marion that he never acknowledged "Sumter's Law" and fought it in the legislature.

Sumter dominated South Carolina politics until the political mantle fell upon John C. Calhoun, and like his brilliant successor he encouraged the Nullification forces in his declining years. All in all, a complicated and not entirely admirable character, a bold and dashing individualist of the old frontier, who was perhaps fittingly the last of an era. Mr. Bass has been unusually successful in capturing the resiliency and audacity of the renowned Partisan without glossing over the controversial and seamier side of his career. —RICHARD B. MORRIS.

1917 CHIEF OF STAFF: More than forty years after the close of the First World War, we still lack a good biography of the chief American military leader in that conflict. Last year, on his 100th birthday, the editors of the *Army Times* published a pictorial record of General John J. Pershing, and at least three writers began work on books about him. Richard O'Connor, the first of these to reach the finish line, has failed to supply in **"Black Jack Pershing"** (Doubleday, $4.95) the first-rate biography that is needed.

As a popular biographer, who makes clear that he is "neither a 'scholar' nor a military historian, in any formal sense," the author is skilled in anticipating trends in public reading tastes. For readers of Civil War chronicles and Westerns, he has supplied volumes

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TWO BY TWO

Here are fifteen pairs of words, chosen by Norma Gleason of Emmett, Michigan, of which the middle letters only are supplied, along with definitions. The missing letters are identical for each pair and are in the same sequence. Thus, — — R — — (equine) and — — U — — (residence) would be HORSE and HOUSE. Answers on page 45.

1. — — O — — (rap) and — — A — — (aptitude)
2. — — — P — — — (animal) and — — — T — — — (dancing costume)
3. — — — C — — — (adhesive label) and — — — N — — — (objectionable person)
4. — — I — — (small tool) and — — O — — (comic)
5. — — — S — — — (powdered gypsum) and — — — T — — — (serving dish)
6. — — N — — (good for you) and — — X — — (bad for you)
7. — — O — — (small hill) and — — E — — (funeral bell)
8. — — O — — (bend over) and — — R — — (sharpen)
9. — — — W — — — (bravery, skill) and — — — C — — — (procedure)
10. — — L — — (throb) and — — R — — (prize money)
11. — — — S — — — (introduce) and — — — V — — — (hinder)
12. — — R — — (boat) and — — D — — (emblem)
13. — — I — — (feather) and — — E — — (suppress)
14. — — K — — (rustic) and — — D — — (type of singing)
15. — — F — — (biscuit) and — — T — — (sprinkle)

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on Hood, Thomas, Sheridan, Pat Garrett, "Wild Bill" Hickock, and Bat Masterson. His style is forceful and he has an eye for good anecdotes.

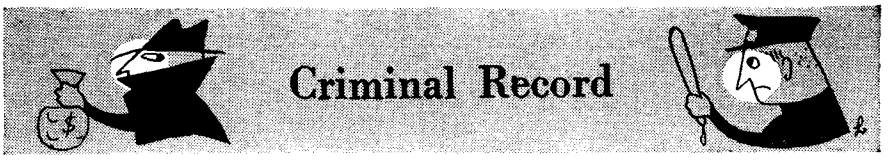
Mr. O'Connor draws heavily on contemporary memoirs and journalistic accounts plus some unpublished material from the Pershing files. It is not clear whether he had complete access to these papers or if he was content to rely on samplings of the mass of documents in the Pershing collection in the Library of Congress, but the book shows that he has not attempted a thorough exploitation of the sources. He has preferred to rely on books by some of Pershing's associates rather than dig into available manuscript collections for additional background.

In a praiseworthy attempt to find the human Pershing behind the grim visage of "Black Jack," the author examines the career of the tough campaigner who fought in some of the final skirmishes with the Sioux Indians, won a Silver Star at San Juan Hill, pacified the Moros in the Philippines, chased Pancho Villa in Mexico, and forged an American fighting force in Europe. Behind the stern disciplinarian, he finds a man who enjoyed the social life of Washington, Paris, and London, an officer noted for "spit and polish" precision who seldom was able to make an appointment on time. He concludes that much of the General's iron reserve was developed as a result of the shock when fire in his quarters at the Presidio at San Francisco killed his wife and three of his four children.

O'Connor restates in some detail Pershing's activities in World War I. From General Harbord's writings, in particular, he fleshes out the entries in Pershing's memoirs that tell of the American commander's fight with British and French officials to make certain that American soldiers would fight under their own commanders. The author is less thorough in explaining the nature and the tragedy of the Pershing-March "feud," which left its mark on the Army for many years. In his account of the General's four years as Chief of Staff, he devotes almost as much space to gossip column comments on the General's purported desire to marry Mrs. Louise Cromwell Brooks (General MacArthur's first wife) and his interest in Mlle. Micheline Resco as he does to Pershing's efforts to reorganize the postwar army.

Until a biographer is willing to explore all of the important Pershing papers, the available personal files of the General's key associates, and the pertinent files of the U.S. Army for the 1917-18 period, we shall not find the true Pershing nor know his contribution.

—Forrest C. Pogue.



DEADLIER THAN THE MALE. *By Genevieve Holden. Crime Club.* $2.95. Spouse-slaying Southern gal gives Hank Farrell, admirable private eye, tough time and long chase. Superior pursuit number, with pleasantly authentic personnel.

THE MAN WHO RAN AWAY. *By Daniel B. Dodson. Dutton.* $3.95. Yank pilot, forced to carry stretcher patient from Connecticut to Hispaniola-type isle, finds self embroiled in vicious political tangle. Swift-paced and literate Caribbean item.

DEATH ON THE SIXTH DAY. *By Henry Farrell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Assistant driver (f.) of westbound auto carrying wife and child to husband's new post turns out to be hell-cat and things pop, including guns. Out of the rut and high tension.

THE JUDGMENT. *By Tom Wicker. Sloane.* $3.75. Death of small shopkeeper in Southern town sets off chain reaction involving various social strata; murder trial is climax. Some characters fall short of full realization.

CALIBRE. 50. *By Robert Sheckley. Bantam.* 35¢. Stephen Dain, ace federal agent (working for Treasury Department on this one), straightens out critical Caribbean problem with effective bursts of gunfire. First of a series is off to a good start.

A NEARNESS OF EVIL. *By Carley Mills. Coward-McCann.* $3.95. Odd sex relationships create father-daughter-husband triangle, chronicled by family lawyer; scion of wealthy family is protagonist in narrative which develops sensational murder trial. Fine attention-gripper.

THE WYCHERLY WOMAN. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $3.50. Lew Archer, intelligent West Coast shamus, seeks twenty-one-year-old heiress; much travel and quizzing involved, all of it to good purpose. You can't go wrong on this one.

MURDER, MAESTRO PLEASE. *By Jack Sharkey. Abelard-Schuman.* $2.95. New York eye George Henry (he composes music, too) works to prove innocence of elderly M.D.; deaths are abundant. Lively, with good humorous touches, but slightly overdialogued.

THE BROKEN JIGSAW. *By Paul Somers. Harper.* $3.50. English gal-on-make engineers marriage with well-heeled invalid; when new boy friend appears, pair plot husband's demise, enter cops terminally. Lovely action all the way.

DOCTORS WEAR SCARLET. *By Simon Raven. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. From Cambridge to the isles of Greece and back this frightful tale rushes on to a climax that will not even be hinted at here. Know your English school jargon to savor this one to the full.

CREDIT FOR A MURDER. *By Spencer Dean. Crime Club.* $2.95. Don Cadee, protection chief at Manhattan's Store Superlative, finds his lady love in jeopardy, pulls a white Christmas out of the snow, and snags killers. Icy up-Hudson chase provides the excitement.

SEASON OF DESIRE. *By Augusta Wallace Lyons. Signet.* 35¢. Murder of promiscuous lass agitates residents of Canaanville, Illinois; trial reveals plenty; village types abound. "Cavalleria Rusticana" in white collar.

THE CHINESE GOLD MURDERS. *By Robert Van Gulik. Harper.* $3.50. Judge Dee, hero of the admirable "Chinese Bell Murders," revisits old haunts (as of seventh century A.D.) to solve whole complex of cases. Humdinger of a detection package.

IN AT THE KILL. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $2.95. Glasgow reporter kills cop in payroll heist, then covers own story; capable Chief Inspector Thane in charge as net closes in. Excellent chase job, with wet and noisy finish.

THE REPRIEVE OF ROGER MAINE. *By Gordon McDonnell. Prentice-Hall.* $3.50. San Francisco area bank manager, convicted as killer, escapes in auto crash; effort to establish innocence involves numerous feints, parleys. Watch this one closely and you're OK.

CARAMBOLA. *By David Dodge. Little, Brown.* $3.95. Yank mining engineer touring French Riviera finds seventeen-year-old daughter he didn't know existed; he locates her remarried mom also, and ang! they're off on a chase across Spain to rescue lady's second hubby, sought for a killing. So away to the Pyrenees, grand scenery, and high adventure.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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A Case for the Junior Sleuth

By Irma Simonton Black, *chairman, Publications Department, Bank Street College.*

THE ADULT mystery story confronts the reader at once with an exciting problem, scatters misleading clues as it races along, and offers a brilliantly unexpected solution in the final chapter. Children's mysteries are likely to be milder and blander, since publishers and authors, unlike TV producers, justifiably hesitate to offer children eight to fourteen years old a corpse-strewn story. Sometimes, however, this laudable self-limitation means that the label "mystery" is attached to a pleasant story about a group of youngsters finding hints rather than clues, and sawing in an almost leisurely fashion through a Gordian knot.

Also there appears to be a passionately held conviction among authors and publishers that no female over ten can be interested in catching a thief or foiling a spy without snaring the high-school quarterback in the process. Though this may be exactly what some girls want, it certainly slows up the action of a story. One wonders whether there are not some feminine readers who occasionally like their adventure straight. Those who do are well advised to borrow their brothers' books.

The mystery or suspense story for children, like that for their elders, makes no claim to be great literature, though many are expertly written. They are frankly an escape from mundane routines and daily pressures, and they offer thrills unlikely to be encountered any way but vicariously.

"The Case of the Stolen Dummy" and **"The Case of the Counterfeit Coin,"** by George Wyatt (Golden, each $1), are proof that it is possible to tell a suspenseful tale that will engage the ten- to fourteen-year-old reader as fully as a murder-laden one does his parents, but with less violence. These books, fast-paced, humorous, and sharply focused, are complete with the preposterously scholarly "Brains" Benton and his likable but ordinary side-kick, Jimmy Carson. There is more than a touch of Sherlock Homes and Dr. Watson here, and it's exciting preparation for the old maestro of Baker Street.

"The Egyptian Necklace," written and illustrated by Myron Tim Palmer

—From "The Egyptian Necklace."

(Houghton Mifflin, $2.75), is a historical thriller about tomb-robbers for the same age group. Though it is the author's admitted intention to lure children into an interest in history through exciting fiction (and unusually lovely illustrations in the style of ancient Egypt), the interesting and relevant historical detail is kept scrupulously subordinate to the suspenseful plot. **"Treachery in Crete,"** a sequel to the above, is full of skulduggery and hair-raising escapes but does not qualify as a true mystery. The illustrations, however, present ancient Crete in beautiful black-and-white and full color.

"Mystery at Land's End," by Marg Nelson (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $2.95), a story of two recluse sisters, a secluded house, and a prowler, is a pleasant tale for those girls who want mystery thrills kept secondary to romantic ones. The same is true of most of the short stories in **"Everygirl's Detective Stories,"** edited by A. L. Furman (Lantern, $2.95), though the first, "Mystery of the Steel Jewels," is a real suspense yarn.

Most of the stories involving amateur detective work for children under thirteen are written for both sexes and include both boys and girls among the important characters.

Three particularly good ones are **"Mystery of the Singing Strings,"** by Dorothy Clewes (Coward-McCann, $3), a junior spy intrigue solved by the lively and entertaining English Hadleys, who have been involved in mysteries before; **"Mystery at Dead End Farm,"** by Mary C. Jane (Lippincott, $2.50), which includes the discovery of a hidden lead mine, a disappearing farmer, a secret tunnel, and some well-drawn characters; and **"The Robber Ghost,"** by Karin Anckarsvard (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.25), which presents a post office robbery, a luminous figure in an old Swedish castle, and a boy and girl who courageously explore its shadowy depths and discover the culprit.

"Ginnie and the Mystery Doll," by Catherine Woolley (Morrow, $2.75); **"Middle Island Mystery,"** by Ruth Forbes Chandler (Abelard-Schuman, $3); **"The Phantom of Walkaway Hill,"** by Edward Fenton (Doubleday, $2.95); **"Mystery of the Haunted Pool,"** by Phyllis A. Whitney (Westminster, $2.95) are all engaging stories about pleasant young people ranging in age from eight to fourteen. The books, which are listed in chronological order, have colorful, realistic settings: respectively, Cape Cod; Maine; a New York State farmhouse during a snowbound weekend; a Hudson River town. None achieves the breathless narrative pace sought by the real mystery fan, but the basic fault lies in the misleading titles rather than in the stories themselves.

It is a commonplace that many highly intelligent and literate adults turn gladly to suspense fiction. Though no one would advocate an exclusively "thriller" literary fare for children, they are also entitled to occasional escape from their own high-pressure world, and summer is a fine time for it. Exciting what-happens-next stories have lured many a youngster into reading for the fun of it.

—From "Treachery in Crete."

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UP A TREE. *By Winifred and Cecil Lubell. Illustrated by Winifred Lubell. Rand McNally. Unpaged.* $2.75. Were it not for a dream sequence in which each member of the family sees himself heroically rescuing their up-a-tree cat, this book would be pleasant but routine. However, there is such a sequence and it adds an interesting dimension to a colorfully illustrated story. Ages 3-6.

I HAD A LITTLE . . . *By Norma Levarie. Illustrated by John Wright. Random House. Unpaged.* $1.95. "I had a little minnow and I put it in a pail./I had a little luck and it turned into a . . . whale." And that's the pattern, consistent and undeviating until the author winds up with a pheasant put in a muff! "I had a little luck . . . but that's enough!" It is. But the game-like quality of the book will amuse children, and perhaps encourage them to invent their own. Ages 4-6.

NATURE WALKS. *By Clara Hussong. Illustrated by Marjorie Hartwell. Golden.* 57 *pp* $1.50. Informative though undistinguished pictures and text tell about animals and plants to be seen on country walks in all the seasons. A useful guide to observing more perceptively. Ags 5-10.

THE CATS ON PIER 56. *By Helen Kay. Illustrated by Ralph E. Ricketts. Reilly & Lee. Unpaged.* $2.75. A longshoreman who adopts three kittens soon finds himself responsible for many cats—and estranged from his best friend besides. Then a nearly disastrous accident brings about resolution of Mike's various problems and provides a moving and exciting climax to an interesting, informative, and frequently humorous book. Ages 5-9.

NOBODY'S BIRTHDAY. *By Anne Colver. Illustrated by Marvin Bileck. Knopf. Unpaged.* $2.75. A magic birthday hangs, shimmering and almost unbearably enticing, over the block; but to whom does it belong? The children, enraptured by anticipation, search out the birthday's owner and share the lovely wonders with him. A special story for all the special children who cherish pretending. The drawings summarize childhood wonder in incredibly detailed, finely-wrought enchantment. Ages 6-10.

A BEAR CALLED PADDINGTON. *By Michael Bond. Illustrated by Peggy Fortnum. Houghton Mifflin.* 128 *pp.* $2.50. Bears are in great favor these days. And the bear called Paddington will probably make them even more popular. Paddington, like most of his literary brethren, lives with a human family, is a lovable scamp, and gets into frequent and interesting trouble. Ages 7-10.

—From "Three Wishes for Sarah."

HERO TALES FROM MANY LANDS. *Selected by Alice I. Hazeltine. Illustrated by Gordon Laite. Abingdon.* 475 *pp.* $5.95. A large and authoritative volume of hero tales, selected from versions retold for children, and including legends ranging from Greek to North American. Introductory notes, a bibliography, glossary, and index. Ages 8 up.

AH OW AND THE WATER BUFFALO. *By S. T. Tung. Illustrated by H. Tom Hall. Dial.* 124 *pp.* $2.50. The universally appealing theme of a boy's efforts to save a beloved animal is here integrated with a rural Chinese setting. Insight and information, therefore, accompany good entertainment, and this compensates for a somewhat hasty and fortuitous ending. Ages 8-12.

THREE WISHES FOR SARAH. *By Mary Malone. Illustrated by Robert Handville. Dodd, Mead.* 159 *pp.* $3. A vital, Depression-era story about a twelve-year-old girl who lives in a neighborhood labeled "deprived" by all but the people who dwell there. In this novel even the streets and houses and public buildings are described well, and the people—in family groups, at work, at school, speaking to each other—come vividly alive. The book is full of fun, and full of thoughtfulness as well. Ages 8-12.

CHILDREN OF THE RED KING. *By Madeleine Polland. Illustrated by Annette Macarthur-Onslow. Holt.* 159 *pp.* $3. The spirited children of the thirteenth-century Red King of Connacht are caught up in intrigue (Irish), conquest (Norman), and adventure (their own). Romantic line drawings reinforce the impression that the events of this vivid and well-paced novel are the stuff of which ballads were made. Ages 10-14.

HEROINES OF THE EARLY WEST. *By Nancy Wilson Ross. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Random House.* 182 *pp.* $1.95. The incredible stories of the earliest women pioneers—two Protestant missionaries, a group of nuns, a pioneer suffragette, and the Indian guide Sacajawea—who had, beyond ideals and intelligence and fortitude, that particularly American quality, gumption. Miss Ross bases her compelling book on journals kept by the women themselves (one wishes for more direct quotations); and the women's suffering, exhilaration, and terror are described with immediacy. Ages 10-16.

MUIR OF THE MOUNTAINS. *By William O. Douglas. Illustrated by Harve Stein. Houghton Mifflin.* 183 *pp.* $1.95. This biography is about a man's love of nature rather than about a man. But young people should find it absorbing reading. The liberal interspersing of material written in the first person by Muir himself makes for some difficult transitions from paragraph to paragraph, but this is a small fault to find in a book of such general excellence. Ages 11 up.

KEP. *By Zachary Ball. Holiday House.* 207 *pp.* $2.95. In the first chapter a fifteen-year-old boy kills his father in a hunting accident; in the last chapter he receives the love of his foster parents. There is enough trauma and tragedy in this book to fill four soap operas, but the author has used his plot to produce instead a moving and absorbing story of human beings and the out-of-doors. Through it some teen-age boys may be helped to realize that there is more to masculinity than being tough. Ages 12-16.

THE EARL'S FALCONER. *By Ursula Moray Williams. Illustrated by Charles Geer. Morrow.* 189 *pp.* $2.95. A tale with a medieval background which is interesting and authentic but which does not intrude unduly upon the story of young Dickon, who is just plain falcon-crazy. The author's remarkable descriptions of falconry make even the kill seem a swift and beautiful act. Ages 12-16.

VALENTINE. *By Evan Commager .Harper. 182 pp.* $2.95. A plain Vermont girl, with the help of a large family for whom she baby-sits, finds herself in a Southern town. The maturity may come overfast for real life, but the characters speak in ways, and about things, that happen in the real world, and, as in the real world, someone loved dies. An unusual, thoughtful, and well-written book. Ages 12 up.

Besides Mrs. Black, reviewers for this issue include Betty Miles, Joan Winsor Blos, and Claudia Lewis, all associated with the Bank Street College of Education's Publications Division.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 935

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 935 will be found in the next issue.

ER EODKTS MRYTGWSSX AN D CTEETO EMABF EMDB ER DOOAKT.

O. S. NETKTBNRB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 934

O God, forgive my little jokes on thee
And I'll forgive your great big one on me. —R. FROST.

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Where Is Our Plan for Peace?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial is United States Senator from Pennsylvania.*

VIENNA has come and gone. The air is a little clearer. The danger of war through miscalculation a little less. But the overriding problem of our time remains: how to prevent destruction of civilization through a war nobody wants.

A few things are slowly—all too slowly—becoming obvious.

1. It is as foolish to search for Russian intentions in the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin as it is to look for American intentions in Washington's Farewell Address. Both countries have clearly defined present and prospective objectives having only a remote connection with either traditional dialectic materialism or the foreign policy views of the Founding Fathers.

2. America's goal is a peaceful world where all people can live without hunger, in freedom, under governments that respect human rights. We are rendering massive assistance to help create that kind of a world.

3. Russia wants to export the current brand of Communism, provided the cost is not too high; desires a higher standard of living for the Russian people, provided it can be achieved without danger to the Communist hegemony; fears, for the moment, any further relaxation of historic Russian secrecy; is suspicious of Western intentions and hence clings to the veto (troika); is seriously worried at the growing power of China and its acquisition of nuclear weapons; and wants to avoid World War III as much as we do. It is doubtful whether Mr. Khrushchev's belief that Communism represents the wave of the future is as strongly held today as it was before Vienna.

4. Cuba, Laos, the Congo, Algeria, Angola, even Berlin—all major East-West disputes save one—can probably be resolved, or at least sterilized, by wise international leadership without seriously affecting the security of either the USA or the USSR.

5. Only the Chinese situation is dangerously explosive. Yet perhaps even it could be brought under control within the foreseeable future by joint American, British, and Russian efforts, particularly in view of critical economic and social conditions behind the Bamboo Curtain. One of the principal stumbling blocks to the initiation of such an effort is American public opinion.

6. The imperative of peace is increasingly understood by informed persons in the non-Communist world. Universal, total, controlled, and inspected disarmament, an adequately financed world police force capable of maintaining peace under a system of world law administered by a strengthened United Nations or a new international authority, is the only practical alternative to the destruction of civilization. "Arms control" may be useful as a first step, but it holds no promise as a long-range solution.

7. Russian leaders have not yet recognized that a peaceful world requires a strong international authority, but the Western world has not yet forced their hand. There is no real reason to believe they will not reach this view eventually. There are, however, no grounds for believing the Chinese Communists would accept this view except under heavy international pressure.

8. While the threat of all-out nuclear or chemical, biological, and radiological warfare is clearly the overriding present danger, problems of poverty and population control in the Southern Hemisphere also require immediate attention.

WHAT, then, should our American policy be? How should the Administration respond to the need for leadership?

A Senator from Massachusetts, speaking in December, 1959, about the expectations raised around the world by the Russian proposal for far-reaching disarmament, and the considerable disappointment that this proposal did not go far enough, said:

> It is for us now to meet these expectations with far-reaching new plans of our own, and not to disappoint the world by treating this problem merely as a matter of psychological warfare. We must design and propose a program that combines disarmament with the strengthening of the United Nations and with world development. We must propose the creation of new United Nations institutions of inspection and control and of economic development. . . . So far we have lacked the vision to present a comprehensive program for the development of a world community under law. . . .

The President of the United States must know that those words are as true today as when he first spoke them. One may only add that the program should include realistic steps for dealing with China and for the internationalization of further exploration of outer space.

The American people should insist that the President's words be translated into action by his advisers. Time is running short. The East-West Disarmament Conference meets on July 31.

Where is the comprehensive American plan for disarmament under enforceable world law? That plan is the present imperative for peace.

—JOSEPH S. CLARK.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ASSAULT ON IGNORANCE

RICHARD L. TOBIN'S editorial "Vital Statistics, 1961" [*SR*, May 27] was a chillingly effective review of the challenge of bringing the majority of mankind into communication with the main currents of the twentieth century. And the bulk of mankind must be drawn into the public discourse—through education, information, and arousal—if we are to overcome the graver dangers that confront the species in this era.

But the $90 billion needed for new schools is far more money than is likely to be squeezed out of a tight-capital world economy for direct education improvements in the near future. And it is all too obvious that we do not have a great deal of time to spare in this race between massive ignorance and gigantic challenges.

Under the circumstances, are we not perhaps putting too much emphasis on the word "literacy"? Teaching reading and writing is time-consuming and expensive, and it is a very slow and vastly limited way of bringing large groups of people into contact with the modern world.

Adult education and ETV have already demonstrated the feasibility of introducing large masses of people to fundamental information regarding world events, and fundamental insights of contemporary education. Do not the electronic possibilities of the spoken word offer our best hope for widespread progress against ignorance—within the budgetary limitations so inevitable at this time? . . . A few of those satellite relay circuits we're anticipating could be potent weapons in an international assault on ignorance.

JOHN HUENEFELD.

Boston, Mass.

REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT

I CONSIDER THE ARTICLE "The U.S. and the Revolutionary Spirit," by William O. Douglas [*SR*, June 10], one of the most forthright and cogent statements of the basic reason for the inefficacy of our foreign policy that I have ever read. I commend you for publishing such a penetrating article.

JOHN A. DRON, SR.

Ojai, Calif.

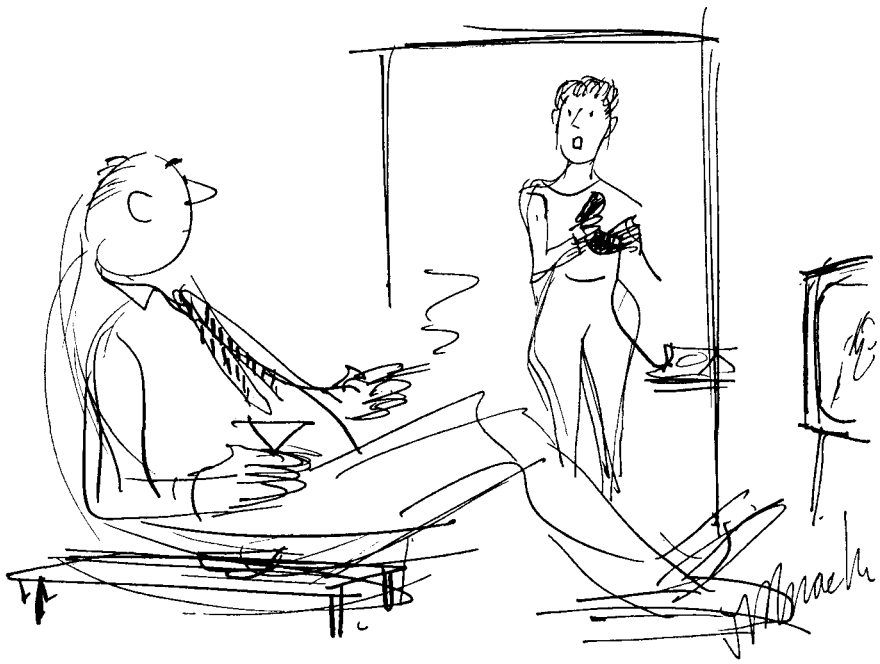
IN AND OUT

IN THE JUNE 10 issue of *SR* appears a review by me under the heading "The Dynamic Democrats." It contains a sentence as follows: "In a concluding chapter on 'The Dynamism of Democracy' Mr. Madison reaches the—to me—escapable conclusion: 'Contemporary society must choose between the totalitarian state and welfare democracy.'"

What I wrote or thought I wrote was "inescapable conclusion." I think it is my own careless proofreading, not yours, that accounts for the mistake, but I should like to correct it.

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York, N. Y.



"It's your boss. He says to wind yourself right up again and get back to the office."

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

MAY I, on behalf of countless Old Blue and Golds, point out a large inaccuracy in John G. Fuller's TRADE WINDS column of May 27. Mr. Fuller attributes the *Daily Trojan* to the University of California, but it actually belongs to the University of Southern California. We at Cal are proud of our *Daily Californian*. . . .

WILLIAM F. SCHEUERMANN, JR.

Sacramento, Calif.

PEACE CORPS PROGNOSIS

THE DEBATE between George E. Sokolsky and R. Sargent Shriver ["Can the Peace Corps Do the Job?" *SR*, June 17] was a lucid exposition of the pros and cons of the Peace Corps experiment. While it is true that there may be some grounds for skepticism about the Corps, it seems to me that one of the most favorable signs is the dedication and enthusiasm of the young men and women who are applying.

R. B. JENKINS.

Washington, D. C.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

WALTER MILLIS'S skeptical review of William J. Newman's "The Futilitarian Society" [*SR*, June 10] comes out with the conclusion that Newman "is successful in defining conservatism and, I think, in establishing that it is *au fond* a 'futilitarian' philosophy . . . oriented toward the past and toward immobility."

As social criticism, this closely resembles the ancient custom of making an image of your enemy out of wax and then sticking pins in it. It would be equally in order to assert that the liberal is one who believes in robbing Peter to pay Paul, whereas the radical argues that it is better still to rob Peter in order to rob Paul.

The truth is that men, in every age, are liberals when they are young and making their way, but, after they have acquired a stake in the community, tend most contumaciously to hold on to what they have. There is nothing virtuous or ignoble about either attitude. . . .

JOHN FRANKLIN CARTER.

Washington, D. C.

STAIRWAY TO PARADOX

APROPOS YOUR reproduction of Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," and Katharine Kuh's comments about it [*SR*, June 10], when this picture was first shown in New York the New York *Times* published some satirical verses about it. Because one of the poems so thoroughly expressed my opinion I have remembered the closing lines all these years:

Fear not, O prude,
To see the nude
Descend the stair;
For by the rood,
She isn't there.

When these modern chaps write about painting, I begin to fear that after all I don't understand the English language, in spite of the fact that I have been reading it for more than seventy-five years.

(The Rev.) H. L. HOOVER.

Hartsville, S.C.

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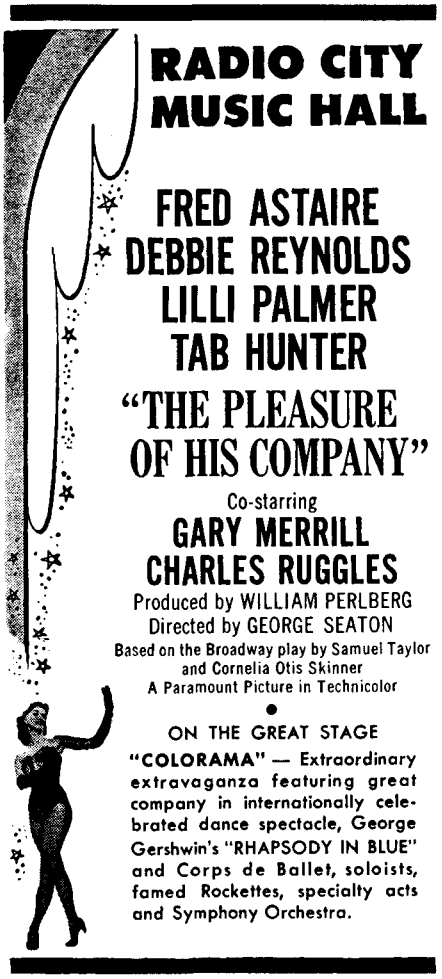
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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Stubborn Medium

THE MOVIES are a strangely brainless entertainment, Ingmar Bergman and Alain Resnais notwithstanding. Ever since the sound track was invented, writers and directors have been trying to make their pictures seem intelligent, or witty, or poetic—even to the extent of bringing us the works of Shaw, or Wilde, or Shakespeare. But the medium stubbornly balked at their efforts. It wanted fights, chases, spectacular holocausts, the smell of blood. Olivier's "King Henry V" is symptomatic. What filmgoers remember most avidly is neither Shakespeare's poetry nor Sir Laurence's performance; it is the battle of Agincourt sequence, a sequence which the Bard thought he had covered adequately when he wrote, "Alarums. Excursions." In the movie, however, the cameras positively gloated over the arching of arrows, the forward press of the foot soldiers, and the scenes of carnage that followed.

It is perhaps to the credit of the more serious film makers that they have resisted their medium's baser instincts, filling their pictures instead with high-minded talk or weighty dicussion. This may not have made their movies any better *as* movies, but at least they could face themselves in the morning. They could feel that at least they were *trying* to make good pictures. If the public complained because there was too much dialogue and not enough action, then clearly the public was wrong. It didn't want to be uplifted, enlightened, or educated.

Something of this sort probably passed through the mind of Carl Foreman, the distinguished screen writer and, more recently, producer, as he prepared his king-sized adaptation of Alistair MacLean's **"The Guns of Navarone."** A serious man, Foreman evidently could not bring himself to invest millions of dollars in a straight action story, even though the novel afforded him every opportunity. As an experienced picture maker, however, he knew full well the cinematic values inherent in this wartime tale of a heroic sextet dispatched to a Greek island on an impossible mission. The result, inevitably, is a compromise—long sequences of matchless action countered (or negated) by lengthy patches of conversation in which the men sort out their motives and philosophize about war.

The central theme is stated early, that war brings out the best in people, and what a tragedy it is that peace cannot do the same. Foreman has his characters reiterate this, with variations, whenever they pause for breath in their six-day odyssey. But strangely, as the story progresses, the pictures fail to bear out the statements. David Niven, the humanist in the group, develops into a real troublemaker; war demands a stern pragmatism. Stanley Baker, described as "the Butcher of Barcelona," is destroyed when his instinct for killing fails him. And the finale, in which the little group blows up the Nazi fortifications on Navarone, is a veritable orgy of sheer destruction. Obviously, the forces unleashed by war are anything but admirable—but that is not the point of this picture.

What Mr. Foreman's film does reveal, albeit inadvertently, is the fact that a theme *can* be advanced through significant action. Indeed, again inadvertently, Foreman himself emphasizes this point by staging his action passages virtually in silence, or with a very minimum of talk and a maximum of natural sound (made extra effective through skillful use of the stereophonic tracks). In fact, it would be quite possible to eliminate most of the dialogue sequences and strengthen the picture immeasurably. Of course, it would not say precisely what Mr. Foreman intended it to say about men and war, but it would probably reflect accurately what he *feels*. And in this brainless medium, a felt emotion is infinitely more eloquent than the most eloquent of words.

ON the other hand, there are those who are prepared to accept brainlessness as a virtue, contriving pictures that say nothing, and that keep moving for the sake of movement alone. Andrew and Virginia Stone, who put together a neat enough thriller in "The Last Voyage," have tried the formula again in **"Ring of Fire"**—and failed. Their picture moves all right, despite inept dialogue and worse acting, forced along at gunpoint by a trio of teen-age hoodlums who hold a noble policeman as hostage in their getaway through Oregon's forests. An all too predictable forest fire provides the climactic action in abundance. What is lacking here, however, is *significant* action. A few tepidly suggestive situations notwithstanding, they stopped making movies like this thirty-five years ago.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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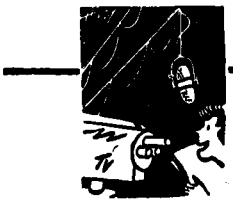

TV AND RADIO

Bumpers for Beethoven

THE European society originally exported to American shores was essentially religious. Secular politics eventually replaced theocracy as the nation's touchstone. Now politics, in its turn, is about to give way, it appears, to the entertainment society. In Hollywood recently, when a CBS television program was canceled, people actually picketed the network offices. *Telefilm* magazine reported this and added: "Many people put bumper-strips on their cars urging the continuation of 'Tightrope' [the canceled program]. In Los Banos, California, the entire police department put such bumper-strips on their own cars."

The passions that excite citizens, the causes in which they will act vigorously, tell us a great deal about their value systems. It would be hard to deny that politics has lost its lure for many people. Surveys made during election campaigns reveal that large numbers of voters do not know even the names of important candidates.

Radio generally is said by its propagandists to be the intimate associate of the common man; yet out of 2,500 unaffiliated stations (mostly music and news) only forty-five carried the Kennedy-Nixon debates of the 1960 campaign. A network television favorite, however, is a far more powerful field of force. "Tightrope" is a crime-and-violence show, in which a law enforcement officer, working under cover, joins criminal gangs, inevitably finds himself at the point of death, and always escapes at the last moment as the law flushes the lair of the syndicate. It is slick and absurd. Its sponsor was happy with it, but CBS pushed it out of its Tuesday night spot to make room for a comedy parlay. "An avalanche of mail from the public," reports *Telefilm*, "swamped the producers, the network headquarters in the East and West, and the individual stations." The picketing and the bumper-strips followed. CBS was considering its return when ABC (home of the "Untouchables") accepted the half-hour-long "Tightrope" for next season. The network plans to expand the program to sixty minutes. It has also retitled it "The Expendables."

The incident is of note because it is usually presumed that only the better programs on television inspire viewer protest when they are canceled. This is often true. Regrettably, no "better" program, once canceled, has ever, to my knowledge, enjoyed the successful return accorded "Tightrope." "The Law and Mr. Jones" (ABC) and "The Westerner" (NBC) are two programs that have attempted to do without violence this season. The latter was canceled after thirteen weeks; the former has not been renewed for next season. In each case, viewers wrote indignant letters protesting the cancelation of these "honest," "intelligent" programs. "The Westerner" drew 1,000 protesting letters from all over the country. "The Law and Mr. Jones" drew more than 20,000 letters.

Columnists and editorial writers around the country joined the protesting chorus for the latter program. The Los Angeles City Council adopted a protesting resolution. School children have sent money and petitions. Ironically, the sponsor of "The Law and Mr. Jones" (Proctor and Gamble) was reported to be happy with the program. ABC, however, was intent on a much bigger audience than the 10,000,000 viewers drawn to this nonviolent show. The violent "Expendables" will presumably attract a much bigger audience for the network in another time slot. The curious thing about the protesting campaigns on behalf of "Tightrope" and "The Law and Mr. Jones" is that the more honest show drew the more restrained support—letters, resolutions, editorials, petitions, money. The violent show got out the pickets before the Hollywood offices of CBS; it impelled someone to print and distribute the bumper-strips; it won the cooperation of the entire Los Banos police force.

THERE may be a lesson in this for the inheritors of the traditions of Western civility, orderly debate, the rational dialogue, calm persuasion of the mind. Would the activists who hit the picket lines and decked out their bumpers for "Tightrope" have won with a nonviolent entry? That is an interesting question. Perhaps the supporters of nonviolence on television must become a little more violent in their tactics of protest.

Why not bumpers for Beethoven? Picket lines for public service? The future belongs to the passionate, and the passionate are no longer to be found in politics. The tides of men's violent devotions now flow in the channels of television. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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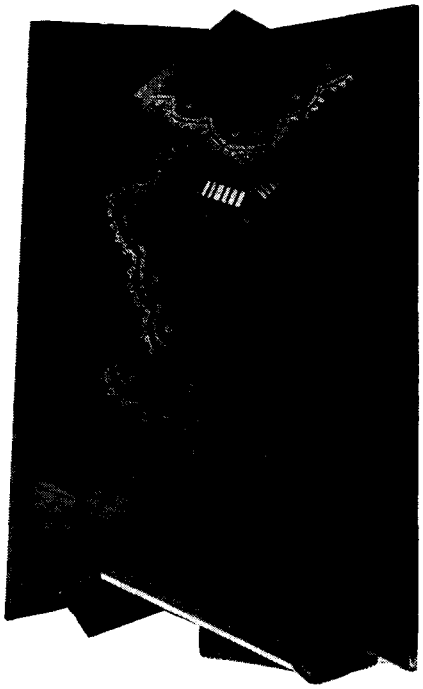
Sculpture: A New Enigma

FOR SEVERAL years now a new emphasis in American art collecting has focused on sculpture and other related three-dimensional objects. During the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, connoisseurs were apt to bypass this somewhat unwieldy medium but more recently, with the wide development of new methods and new materials, sculpture has come into its own. I was singularly impressed by this fact when recently I visited the Maremont collection on exhibition at Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. Here, in a Mies van der Rohe building of breathtaking beauty, the Institute of Design (a department of IIT) had arranged a handsome installation for this large and lively Chicago collection, which was being shown for the first time under one roof. Ordinarily it is divided between Arnold Maremont's office and the Maremonts' suburban home and city apartment.

My immediate reaction was amazement at the number of modern sculptures, constructions, reliefs, three-dimensional collages, and mobiles (by my count over seventy-five) included in the collection. Today, of course, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between painting and sculpture, what with the boundaries separating these two arts rapidly disappearing. My second reaction found me puzzling over two frankly divergent directions in the collection, a divergency underlined by the very purity of Mies's building. Shaggy neodadaist montages seemed oddly uncomfortable in such classical surroundings, while in contrast cubist and constructivist works often emerged as the great old modern masterpieces many of them have indeed become. Throughout, it was the sculpture, the tactile three-dimensional objects, that caught my attention and posed a number of embarrassing questions, at least embarrassing for me. For I found myself in tune with most of this century's outstanding early experiments, while yet doubting certain more recent movements that too often seemed less notable than novel. After all, I suppose it is customary for critics to accept the established signposts of their times. Works like the "Blonde Negress" by Brancusi, the "Horse" by Duchamp-Villon, or pioneer cubist sculpture by Laurens, Picasso, and Lipchitz are all part of history now and need no nod from us, but there are certain unique examples in the collection that are not so well known, even though from the hands of long-established artists.

Ben Nicholson's magnificent large white relief of 1934 is as subtle and immaculately chaste as Mies's architectural setting. And the distinguished concentration of watercolors and drawings by Paul Klee proves again this artist's ability to encompass whole worlds of meaning with infallible, though deceptively modest, means. But it was Miró's off-beat small object-painting and Dubuffet's clinker sculptures, all made of expendable materials yet definitely not expendable themselves, that forced me to question why I was willing to accept these works but not others by, let's say, Burri and Millares, who follow in somewhat the same tradition. Size, no doubt, was a factor, even if a minor one, though I must confess that when the philosophy of expendability is expanded to huge dimensions, the whole idea becomes a bit pretentious. A 1958 montage by the Italian artist Burri, made entirely of burnt wood, measures 78½ by 75 inches and, in the last analysis, says little more to me than one of Kurt Schwitters's six-inch-square collages done almost fifty years ago.



(Above) "Large Burnt Wood," by Alberto Burri; (right) "Woman with Mantilla," by Henri Laurens.

THAT discarded remnants can be so juxtaposed as to express a new philosophy is a familiar idea and is meaningful today only when these torn, shredded, cast-off materials are used inventively enough to tell us something urgent we have not already been told about the world we live in. To do this demands a high degree of sublimation, not an easy task when physical dimensions are exaggerated. In other words, one must get pretty far away from an enormous expanse of burnt wood, or torn perforated cloth, to see more than just these overwhelming material facts. The little demonic clinker sculptures by Dubuffet, again made of highly expendable material, are far more persuasive. For here a burnt-up medium is less obtrusive, allowing the accidents of combustion (with only slight help from the artist) to provide gesticulating convulsive figures reminiscent of images from man-made and cosmic eruptions.

Possibly the most remarkable single sculpture in the entire exhibition was the (1915) wood construction by Henri Laurens called "Woman with Mantilla." First of all, the audacity and irony of depicting such a romantic subject nearly half a century ago with only a few carved lines and a few inexpensive pieces of nailed-together wood is historic in itself. How better to remove the capital A from art; how better to transfer the shallow depth and angular austerity of cubism to a three-dimensional parody? Here again a very real sublimation has taken place. We are concerned less with wood and carpentry than with a jagged design in real space where, from disturbing and different eye levels, we see a dynamic,

(Continued on page 47)

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

THE CASE OF THE HAPPY PLAGIARIST: No magazine and no editor is safe from the pranks of the plagiarist. The nation's presses turn too fast for any man to keep up with their total output. If pranksters choose to submit the work of good writers as their own, any editor can sooner or later be gulled and thereby brought to ridicule. One of our best literary magazines was seriously embarassed only last year when it found it had published a series of plagiarized poems. Any magazine is open to such assault and in a poor position to defend itself.

I found all of these thoughts in my mind a few months ago when I began to read some poems submitted by a Mrs. X (a name then unknown to me and hereafter to be anonymous) and found among them, word for word, with even the title intact, Richard Wilbur's poem "Museum Piece." There was no mistake about it: the lady's name and address were carefully typed in at the bottom of the page: the poem was being submitted for publication.

Was it meant as a poor joke? Some *SR* readers have amused themselves from time to time by trying to entrap me in one blunder or another, and one of them will certainly succeed sooner or later, if he hasn't already. A bit indignant at first, I had begun to scrawl a rebuff at the bottom of the page. "I hope you realize that submitting this poem for sale as your own work involves a criminal offense." I was about to add a few more pieces of righteousness when I remembered who I was and gave it up as probably out of character.

What if it really was a joke? What if Mrs. X sent it in just to see if I would swallow it? Maybe she meant only to call me on my ignorance if I did accept the poem as her own and buy it for *SR*. With that in mind, I put by that first righteous scrawl and wrote her—in longhand in order to make the uneven line-lengths seem more plausible—a letter that could be transcribed as follows:

> Dear Mrs. X:
> Regarding your poem, Museum Piece—
> I find it very rich and moving and I
> can think of few recent poems I would
> more
> happily publish. Certainly, however,
> a special rate is indicated for so
> rich a poem.
> Do please let me know what price you
> would like for it. Some special token
> is certainly indicated.
>
> Let me thank you again for one of the
> best poems to be submitted to
> us in some time. I shall hope for the
> real pleasure of seeing more such
> poems.
>
> Sincerely,

The letter was hardly a model of English prose, but all that about the price would certainly be taken as hogwash by any half sophisticated reader, and now if she wrote back to taunt me on my ignorance I could tell her to read down the first letter of each line and see who had been caught napping. All in good clean fun. Besides, most of what I wrote was exactly true. "Museum Piece" *is*, in fact, a lovely, gay, right poem. It had been at least ten years since it memorized itself into my head, where it has stayed, always happily.

As it turned out, Mrs. X intended no harmless joke. She replied modestly that she would leave the rate of payment up to me. This doll, in Runyonese, was serious. I decided to play it out for as long as she had stomach for the game, and the dossier, in FBI-ese, began to grow. As a first foul ploy, I had a small check forwarded to her as a token advance payment. The check was cashed. Now, according to my legal advice, Mrs. X could likely be found guilty of using the mails to defraud.

I am poorly organized for being anyone's jailer and I certainly had no intention of prosecuting, but I was half inclined at this point to use the possibility of legal action as a scare. Still, what was involved was not a category but a person, and almost certainly a neurotic one. How does anyone in my madhouse justify twisting another person's neurosis? My neurosis was that by now I was committed: this thing had to be played through.

I already had some happily excited letters from Mrs. X, and even one from her husband. They were both innocently abuzz with the excitement of her "literary discovery." Mrs. X had even sent me another poem, this one made up of two poems by Howard Nemerov. But I had to know more about her, and by long distance *SR* arranged to have a good reporter from her local paper (sworn to secrecy) interview her and send in his case history and general impressions of Mr. and Mrs. X.

The report arrived in the same mail with more brand-X poems. This batch included another by Howard Nemerov, a couple of bad pieces I suspect to be her own, and a fourth I am certain I have read before but have not been able to locate in three weeks of riffling through my bookshelves.

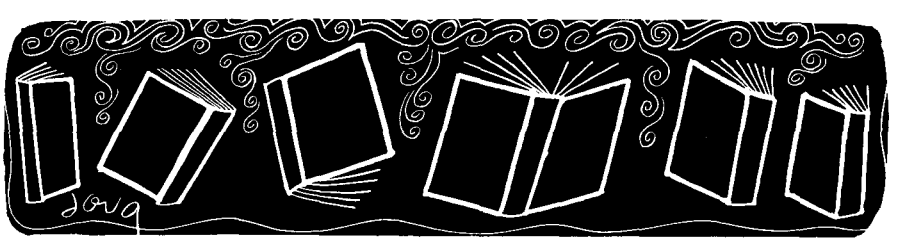
But no matter the details. Our confidential report only added some specifications to a picture I already had pretty firmly in mind. No human point could be made by shouting "Boo" at her, or in publishing her name, though, in common interest, I have written in confidence to editors on a number of magazines, revealing her name to them and warning them to be wary of any manuscript she might submit. Then, having spent most of two days trying to write and rewrite a letter that might make sense, I gave up. This is all the letter there will be. I hope Mrs. X sees it, and that she will be able to smile at her foolishness and give it up.

The real point of all this is addressed to the practical joker at large. No editor and no magazine can afford to take this sort of prank lightly. For even a man with a public relations office to think for him has some right to defend himself. The best legal advice I have been able to get is that such plagiarized submissions, particularly when payment is accepted, constitute a federal offense, and that the Post Office Department (with whose book-banners we have bumped heads before now and whose company we do not seek) would probably undertake to prosecute for using the mails to defraud, if a complaint were entered.

None will be entered. Let the case of the happy plagiarist end happily. But let any future plagiarists be warned that they may come to sadder ends. Mrs. X is hereby released if only on the grounds that she does confine her thefts to excellent poets. Court is adjourned, and may this particular courthouse be torn down as far as this prosecutor is concerned.

Did I say "prosecutor"? That might better read "public defender." Or am I toying with righteousness again?

Sorry.



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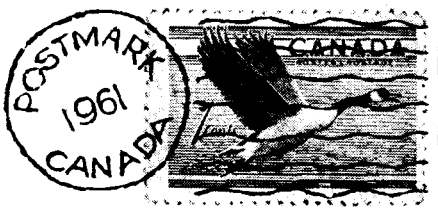

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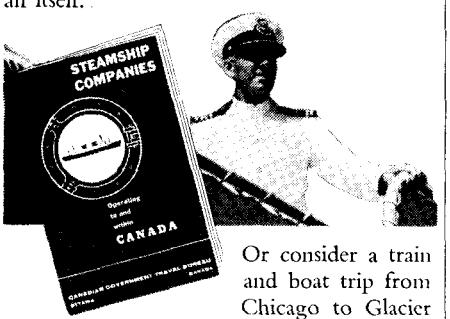

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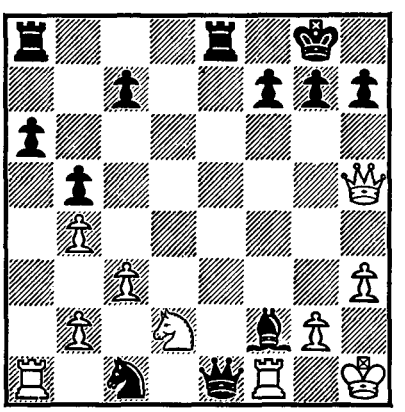
Chess Corner No. 56

WHETHER chess is an art or a science is a question recently propounded to some of the game's giants who are artists and scientists in other fields. The responses in all instances were vague, ambiguous, and seemed to skirt the issue. Certainly chess is an art in the same sense that painting is an art. The painter arranges his colors to produce patterns (or lack of patterns) for visual appeal. The chess player combines the powers of the pieces to reach a goal pictured in his mind and in the minds of those who understand the rules of play. But, in addition to skill, which is a prerequisite of art, there is the element of competition in chess, which is its own measuring rod. A game of chess is not necessarily esthetic because it ends in victory. If, however, the result is achieved within the confines of standards of economy, beauty, brilliancy, and solvency, it may well be artistic. The following game, for example, played more than a half-century ago, will forever be classified as a work of art. It has the attributes of a surprise move, a Queen and Rook sacrifice, a King chase, and, finally, a simple mate.

RUY LOPEZ

	Max Weiss White	W. H. K. Pollock Black		
1	P-K4	P-K4	10 Q-K4	B-K3!
2	N-KB3	N-QB3	11 NxP	NxN
3	B-N5	P-QR3	12 QxN	N-N5!
4	B-R4	N-B3	13 O-O	NxQP
5	P-Q3	P-QN4	14 Q-R5	BxB
6	B-N3	B-B4	15 PxB	R-K1
7	P-B3	P-Q4	16 N-Q2	Q-K2
8	PxP	NxP	17 P-QN4	BxPch
9	Q-K2	O-O	18 K-R1	Q-K8!
			19 P-R3	NxB!



20	RxQ	RxRch	25 Q-Q5	P-R4ch
21	K-R2	B-N8ch	26 K-N5	K-N2!
22	K-N3	R-K6ch	27 NxR	P-B3ch
23	K-N4	N-K7	28 K-R4	B-B7ch
24	N-B1!	P-N3	29 P-N3	BxP mate

—AL HOROWITZ.

FORGOTTEN

Leota Sundust is one of our forgotten American Indians. She is of the Apache Tribe. Her father died last year of TB. Leota's mother, who does not speak English, works as a cleaning woman. Her meager earnings provide for little more than food and a squalid room for Leota and her two brothers. The children's clothing is worn and patched. Leota's mother yearns for her children to get an education that will prepare them to earn a decent living. She wants them to enjoy a richer, happier life than her own.

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THREE YEARS OF STEREO

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JUNE 24, 1961

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By IRVING KOLODIN

PURELY by coincidence, stereo discs were introduced in June, a month that traditionally marks the end of the fiscal period of business activity. Three years have passed since the first stereo records became available in 1958, and the happenings since then are inexorably related to the dual anniversaries involved: the public reaction to the values offered to it in a better-sounding disc requiring a substantial investment in conversion from the monophonic audio systems by then in widespread use—universally, if often mistakenly, described as "hi-fi"—and the results embodied in the score sheets of the businesses involved.

There was a presumption in June, 1958, based on some factual analysis but no little on hope, that the first year would see a conversion amounting to 20 per cent of the record-buying public, and a steady rise thereafter toward a major share of the consumption. This had mainly to do with expectations in the general field described as "classical," which may extend from a Richard Wagner "Rheingold" on one hand to a Roger Wagner Chorale program on the other. The trend of the first year was reported to be consonant with these expectations, though dependable figures are difficult to come by, and policy in the recording companies tends, for competitive purposes, to overstate the measure of success they enjoy.

As nearly as can be determined from questions directed at several leading purveyors of such merchandise, stereo sales for operatic and orchestral works now vary from 30 per cent of the total to 50 per cent. The lower figure appears to be a dependable minimum, the range in between related to the emphasis in the kind of merchandise a given company produces. Less chamber music, for example, means a proportional elevation of the average, for chamber music does not appear to appeal particularly to the stereo-equipped music lover, or, to put it another way, the music lover who cares about chamber music is not particularly susceptible to stereo. Those with special activity in the operatic literature find that in some such issues, stereo sales represent 50 per cent of the total.

A phenomenon sufficiently widespread to be regarded as a well-defined consumer reaction is the effect of stereo's introduction on the buyers of monophonic recordings. It was the reasoned expectation of record manufacturers as a group that during the period of conversion, as stereo recordings gradually became a larger part of the total sales, monophonic recordings would continue to interest as many buyers as they had previously. This, apparently, has not held true. The reasons for this invite some attention.

One is related directly to the demonstrated quality of two-speaker reproduction as a quality factor in itself, whether or not a stereo record is being reproduced. A substantial portion of the record-consuming public has heard stereo, and decided it is good. A smaller portion has had the means as well as the inclination to acquire the necessary equipment, either in addition to the good components they already possess, or as new investments. But those who have the inclination but not the means have, to an unexpected degree, decided to curtail their buying of records *generally*, until they have added stereo to their record-playing facilities.

In this respect, it seems to me, the record industry as a whole has failed to pursue a systematic, common policy of general interest in its concentration on sporadic, individual policies of selfish interest. For one thing, too little emphasis has been expended on an educational program to acquaint the public in this country with some basic facts about stereo. That is to say, one can adapt a monophonic system to play stereo records *through a single speaker* at relatively small cost in replacement of a stylus and cartridge. Thus, one could maintain ordinary patterns of purchase and acquire the beginnings of a stereo collection without making the major investment in a second amplifier and speaker, or by replacing a whole unit that cannot be satisfactory upgraded.

The arguments I have heard against this have been numerous, but not per-

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suasive. They relate to the disposition of Americans generally toward change rather than transition, to disposing of an outmoded car though it has plenty of usage in it in order to acquire a new model, etc. This being the case, it would seem reasonable for the companies involved to facilitate the transition as Detroit does, by assigning some trade-in value to used systems or components toward the purchase of new "models." Nothing of the sort has happened, is contemplated, or is likely to be contemplated for a single compelling fact: the market is so divided and subdivided that scarcely any company could indulge in such a program with realistic hopes of achieving any worth-while (not to mention profitable) result. Save for some marginal exceptions, the manufacture of equipment and the production of records are functions of separate companies. RCA Victor has a considerable "instrument business" (as it is called), but it would be impossible even for so large an entity to deal with conversion on an exchange basis considering the vast, varied, and by now hopelessly diverse amount of audio equipment in the American home.

The plain fact, then, is that the record producers must study the situation-in-transition, learn as they can from its vagaries, and undertake to service the several markets that exist with the merchandise they desire. Among these markets are:

1) The consumers who buy stereo records in order to acquire performance material for their equipment—that is to say, those whose curiosity, or interest, or buying instinct, is aroused by acoustical acrobatics. They may be a currently fertile field for cultivation, but not a permanently productive one, as their novelty interest is satisfied and they go on to something else.

2) The consumers who buy records purely for content, and are intensely price-conscious. This is the group for whom the attractions of two pieces of merchandise at a given price—whether or not of first quality—is stronger than one recording of outstanding quality at the same price. The increased prevalence of "economy price" labels (whether Richmond, Camden, Telefunken, or others of less identifiable origin) has undoubtedly appealed to many whose repertory-appetite—whether for Bach or Richard Strauss—is as well fed by a Karl Münchinger of 1954 or a Clemens Krauss of even earlier date as it is by the latest high-powered reproduction of today.

3) The consumers who are discriminating within the limits of their investable funds, who want the best and know what it is, but cannot necessarily make their wants—or even, perhaps, their lack of wants—as well known to record producers as those who are a numerically larger part of the market.

Stereo After Three Years

*Units in Use**	
January 1, 1961	
23,161,000	Monophonic (33-1/3 rpm, or multiple speeds)
7,046,000	Stereophonic
2,886,000	45 rpm only
1,570,000	78 rpm only
Projected for 1965	
13,514,000	Monophonic
29,747,000	Stereophonic
1,545,000	45 rpm only
85,000	78 rpm only

**Figures are derived from industry sources, and are based on rates of obsolescence as well as projected sales.*

IT IS they, it seems to me, who have previously been the stabilizing factor in the record industry—insofar as the sale of classical recordings is concerned—who will continue to be in the future. But it is, conceivably, a function of their discrimination that they haven't participated in the upswing of stereo to the extent that was hoped.

For, in these three years, the production in total has been more distinguished for improved technics than for sustained artistic standards. This has not been in any respect wilful, or even a result of overt neglect. Indeed, the numerical production has more or less kept pace with the accelerated volume that accompanied the rolling tide of LP's success in the mid-Fifties. But the ever-lessening proportion of artistically superior records continues to shrink. Along with an industry in the middle of a technological change we find one searching for successors to an artistic complement that has, concurrently, yielded to inexorable Time.

What I have in mind, of course, is the disappearance from the long established ranks of celebrated phonographic names those of such conductors as Toscanini, Furtwängler, Mitropoulos and, now, Beecham, in a succession that also included Clemens Krauss, Erich Kleiber, Artur Rodzinski, Ataulfo Argenta, and Guido Cantelli in a relatively compressed span of years. To these names may be added those, in other fields, such as Walter Gieseking, Wanda Landowska, Clara Haskil, Mario Lanza, Leonard Warren, and Jussi Bjoerling, who have also died, and such others as Vladimir Horowitz and Jascha Heifetz, who have substantially contracted public performance as well as private recording in recent years. Rubinstein, Casadesus, Serkin, Arrau, Milstein, Stern, and Curzon, fortunately, are well and productive.

There is some offset, of course, in the emergence of a Richter, Gilels, or Oistrakh, and sales volume if not artistic quality has been well served by Van Cliburn, Karajan, Kempe, Solti, the enduring Klemperer, Stokowski, Monteux, Serafin, Reiner, Ansermet, Paray, Knappertsbusch, Ormandy, Szell, Steinberg *et al.* measure up to their responsibilities as a younger generation of conductors comes to maturity. But it is as difficult to imagine a listener devoted to Toscanini accepting in stride the work from other hands which has now come to be the norm in his repertory as it is to persuade a person attuned to Gieseking's Debussy or Ravel to accept someone else's simply because it is performed on two tracks rather than one. For all his "exposure," Leonard Bernstein's recordings substantiate, rather than undermine, the contention that buyers of classical recordings react more to what they hear than what they are exposed to via channels of publicity. No figures are currently available, but everything indicates that Bernstein's record sales are decidedly disproportionate to his prominence.

The net of it is, in my view, that record manufacturers would be well advised to consider the interest of the discriminating market, to perpetuate the permanent rather than concentrating on the in-between. Volume production has been grossly exaggerated in the last half-dozen years in the belief that the market was perdurable, and if the worst came to the worst, available at a price (via bonus inducements, across-the-board-discount enticements, as well as record club promotions which are essentially ways of providing more merchandise for the same outlay of money). This is one way to do business, of course, but it is not the way to sustain interest, encourage faithful patronage, or, least of all, build confidence.

For, amid all the abundance, there is want; amid the numerical plenty, there is little short of a famine, artistically. Too many good records, for which there is a modest but continuing demand, are discontinued, too many worthy past accomplishments replaced by current production whose only plus is technological. For some, the original purchases of early LP days continue to serve their function (they are, apparently, not as perishable as some

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feared); for others, such economy lines as Camden, Richmond, and Telefunken are the answers for wants satisfied.

Some reconsiderations are clearly in order, in order to maintain a substantial support to a superstructure now in transition; as the old names are replaced by new, as a new public comes of age and its buying preferences mature the senseless duplication of the repertory should at least be resisted within corporate entities (EMI's divisions, for example, or the Columbia-Epic affiliation, if it persists, or by RCA on its own label where three B flat Concertos of Brahms appeared in less than as many years), if only out of self-interest. For the repertory is the only real perpetual property, and overexploiting it is as sure a way to exhaust the soil as planting the same crops again and again.

The same self-interest should, sooner or later, lead to the inescapable conclusion that the present oversupply is intolerable for everybody—save, perhaps, the Bamberg Symphony, the NWDR Orchestra, or others who participate in the performances. The producers are hard put to match each other in getting to market with their "latest" before it is overreached by somebody else's even "later"; the retailer cannot possibly maintain an inventory covering half the "available" or listed duplications of Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, or Mozart, with the result that the consumer is often frustrated in his true wants and must settle for something else, or goes away unsatisfied.

It is, finally, the public that will determine the course of events. *SR* invites those with a buyer's view of the situation to express it through the Recordings Editor. Perhaps such collective wisdom will produce some answers not available to the best individual brains.

Meanwhile, isn't it in order for someone to echo the English pub cry on behalf of the industry and say "Time, gentlemen!"?

Stereo Comes to FM: Part II

By JAMES CARROLL

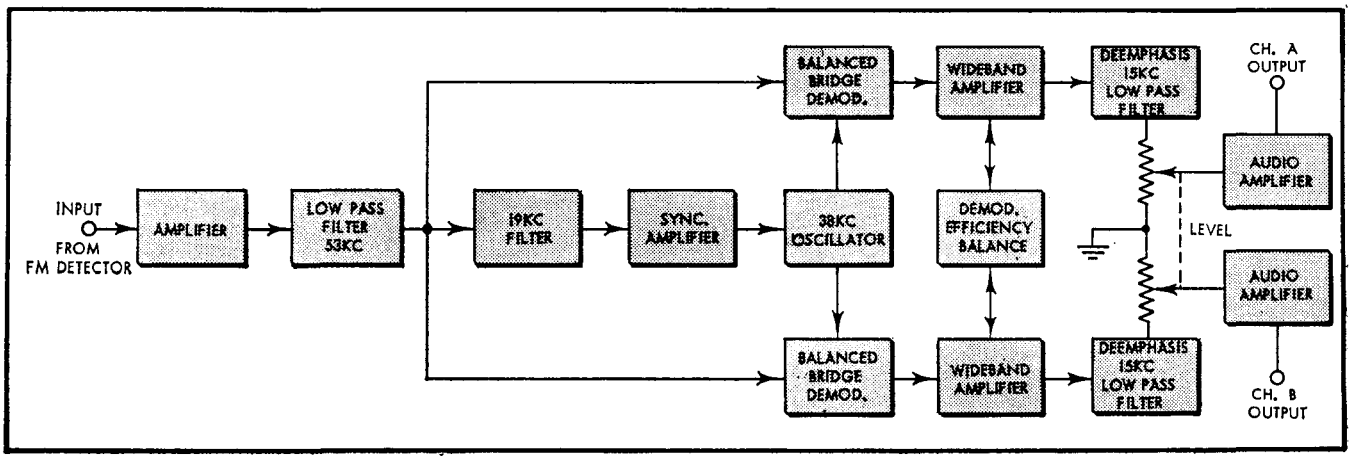
SINCE publication of Part I of "Stereo Comes to FM" (*SR*, May 27, 1961), inquiries regarding the new system of Multiplex FM Stereo Broadcasting recently approved by the Federal Communications Commission have pyramided with each passing week. No doubt the promise that this type of broadcast, long awaited, was about to become a reality has stimulated the appetite of those disposed toward both FM and music.

Indeed, a historic moment was achieved on June 1, at 12:01 a.m., when WGFM, the Schenectady, New York, station of General Electric, went on the air for the first time with an FM multiplex transmission as approved by the FCC. The Radio Corporation of America is only one of several manufacturers that have prepared equipment for use by FM stations that want to add multiplexing to their services, and it is certain that more and more will be providing programs as the months pass. An interesting feature of the RCA system, as announced, is that it will provide, from one stereophonic source, a multiplex FM broadcast signal, a monophonic FM signal, and also a signal for AM.

The new MPX (the approved abbreviation for multiplexing) method of broadcasting allows, for the first time, the transmission and reception of perfectly balanced FM stereo sound. FM, as we have always known it, has been preferred for quality broadcasting because of its full frequency band pass of 15,000 cycles, the approximate hearing range of the human ear (at its most acute, before deterioration incident to aging sets in). It is also virtually free of all man-made intrusive noises, the familiar producers of static and intrusions on AM such as air conditioners, refrigerators, fans, electric shavers, etc.

It must be remembered that, because of the nature of our hearing mechanism, what is heard in the left ear (in point of quality) is also heard in the right ear. That is why it is so important that in broadcasting, both channels should be transmitted and received in identical form. Previous experiments with broadcasts of stereo were unsatisfactory because—for reasons of limitations of equipment, both for broadcasting and reception—one channel was distributed on AM, the other on FM. The limitation of this was inherent in the factors just mentioned: noise on the AM side, plus the limited frequency band pass that was in the area of 7,500 cycles rather than the 15,000 available to FM.

The reason this FM-AM method was even experimentally used is that many stations already had both transmitters in operation. It merely meant having the panel program material on both carriers transmitted simultaneously. One notable example of this was the New York *Times* radio station, WQXR in New York. The Crosby System is another method tried in stereo broadcasting. It uses FM on both channels, but unfortunately, like the AM method, it fell short of proper sensitivity on the monophonic signal. It must then become



Circuit Diagram for a Multiplex Adapter.

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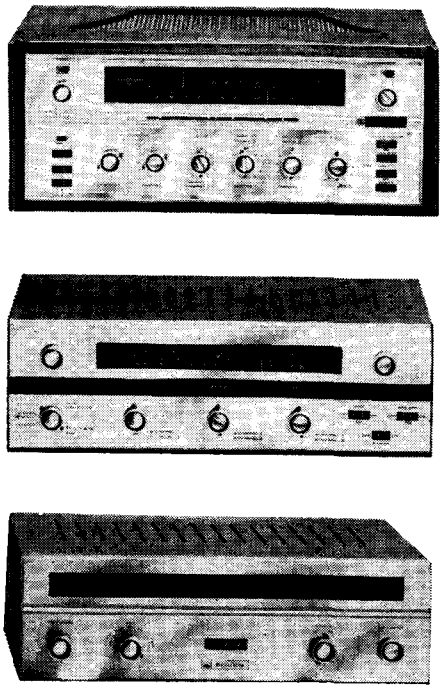
apparent to the reader that some improved stereo broadcasting method had to be developed. This is where the new General Electric-Zenith System comes in. It has an FM signal on both channels. The frequency band pass is 15,000 cycles on both channels and has excellent channel separation. This is vitally important for the stereo effect. The diagram accompanying this article shows how this new signal is transmitted and then received in your radio.

The hi-fi owner who is already equipped to play stereo tapes and records can now add stereo broadcast to his system. The simple addition of a multiplexer coupled to his present FM tuner will bring this about. The MPX then becomes the second channel in the stereo tuner. At this point great care must be taken in the selection of the proper MPX unit, so as to create an exact match. It is much like buying an automobile tire. If your car calls for a 600x16 tire you cannot use a 700x15.

In the many brands now coming on the market, there are marked differences. Some are preset and can be attached to the FM tuner and then tucked away out of sight; others have specialized controls with blending circuits, automatic MPX signal lights, on-off switches, and must therefore be in view.

The over-all general size is somewhat smaller than your present FM tuner. The cost will also differ between brands, ranging from $39.95 to about $100. (See the chart for a listing of companies already in production that are either making delivery now or are contemplating doing so in the next thirty to sixty days. Some of the big names in audio are still working on prototypes, or are considering some changes in automatic controls—names such as McIntosh, KLH, Dynaco, and others.)



Three models of AM-FM stereo tuners with Multiplex circuits built in (all by Bogen). Nos. 1 and 2 are completely self-contained tuner-amplifier units. No. 1, Model RP 40A, has 22 watts output in each channel, frequency response to 30,-000 cycles ($399.95). No. 2, Model RP 200, has 20 watts output in each channel, with frequency response to 20,000 cycles ($299.95). No. 3, Model TP 200, is an FM-AM tuner only, with frequency response to 18,000 cycles ($199.95).

Some new words will appear in the language of the lay person when speaking of stereo FM, words such as "pilot sub-carrier," "cross-talk," "stereo sub-channel and sub-carrier," "L+R signal and L–R signal."

As time goes on the actual meaning will become more and more important, because the user will become sensitive to what this new signal is like and also to how it comes about. Much will be written about this new medium from now on. It no doubt will have a great effect on our musical listening habits. Hi-fi enthusiasts will now be able to look forward to many hours of unsupervised listening. The "live" opera and symphonic broadcast and the once-in-a-lifetime show can be now enjoyed (also tape-recorded) in full stereo sound. This will prove an extra boon to owners of good stereo recorders. It will now be possible for radio stations to play their vast libraries of stereo records and tapes, whereas in the past they were limited to the monophonic type only.

Brand	*Price*	*Size*	*Exposed Face*	**Front Controls*	*Self-Powered*	*Automatic*
Bogen PX 60	$69.50	4-1/16 x 3¼ x 8-1/16	yes	yes	yes	no
Crosby MX 101	$69.95	5¼ x 4¼ x 9	yes	pilot light 3 controls	yes	no
Scott #335	$99.95	5¼ x 7 x 13	yes	2 pilot lights 3 controls	yes	no
Pilot #200	$79.50	5 x 3 x 14	yes	pilot light	yes	fully
Pilot #100	$49.50	4½ x 5 x 9	yes	on-off	yes	no
Fisher MPX 100	$89.50	4⅞ x 4⅞ x 12	yes	2 pilot lights 2 controls	yes	fully
GE MA2G	$39.95	3 x 2¼ x 10	no	none	yes	no
Sherwood S3MX	$69.50	5¾ x 4 x 10½	yes	yes	yes	no
Sherwood A3MX	$49.50	tube style	no	no	plug-in	yes
Sargent-Rayment	$79.50	3¼ x 9 x 4½	yes	3 controls	yes	no

**Control features appearing on different face panels constitute*

a) on-off switches
b) filters for main- and sub-carrier signals
c) blend and volume controls
d) signalling plus pilot lights

} Manufacturers' brochures show all these in detail

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Quality Standards for Broadcasters

By JOEL TALL

TAPE enthusiasts have been complaining for years about the poor quality of radio broadcasts while at the same time recording broadcasts that appealed to their fancies. Now that the Zenith-GE version of multiplex FM broadcasting has been approved by the FCC, our brethren in tape will presumably begin to gripe about the quality of what is called—with more or less truth—stereo broadcasts. The question now before the house is whether the recording of stereo will impose any new difficulties on us and, more important, whether it is worth while.

There is not much that is new about recording stereo sound on tape from a tuner. Where you had one of everything before, you now have two—and record *two* tracks of sound in the same space where *one* was recorded before. There is less room now for sloppy design in the tape recorder—especially in the drive—and less latitude in recording at proper sound levels. However, if you know how to record from a single tuner you should have no difficulty recording in tandem from what is essentially two tuners: the FM tuner and the multiplex adapter that extracts the complementary stereo signal from the composite FM broadcast.

Stereo, I think, *is* worth while, because any improvement in listening quality gives us more pleasure, even though the improvement may prove, in some cases, minuscule. Some people seem, however, to be under the misapprehension that with stereo they will be transported aurally to the concert hall itself. That is not true, and advertising writers do us no service by implying that it is the case. Listening to stereo, even with ideal loudspeakers ideally spaced in an ideal room, cannot be the same as listening in the concert hall. Listening to stereo broadcasts through earphones could be appreciably more realistic, but that is another situation entirely.

The real point at issue is not whether stereo gives us that old concert-hall feeling but whether it satisfies our sense of hearing. It does, to me, but only if over-all distortion is low. Of course anything that changes sound in any way from its original form can be called distortion. Good music itself could be called the product of several kinds of distortion. Completely "pure" tones are not created by musical instruments and are not a pleasure to listen to.

But, on the other hand, once the music is created, additional changes distort it and these additional distortions should be reduced or eliminated for the greatest listening pleasure. Some distortions we ourselves can control by erecting good antennas, by tuning receivers exactly, by choosing good components and using them properly, by getting good acoustical properties in the listening room.

Before proceeding, there's another mistaken idea I'd like to scotch: namely, that an inexpensive recorder, running at slow speed, can give good results for music. Tape flutter, which produces a kind of distortion, is *least* at the recorder's *highest* tape speed. You can't get something for nothing, in tape recording or in anything else. Use the highest tape speed for the best possible recording and reproduction. Just by doubling the speed of the tape you can reduce distortion by more than half.

It is said that the average ear is not disturbed by approximately 5 per cent distortion. In a good system, beginning with the tuner and ending with the loudspeaker, you are skirting the edge of recognizable distortion. FM, incidentally, does not appreciably reduce any distortions but one, that of frequency distortion. FM gives us all frequencies alike, where AM is restricted because of its nature to a comparatively narrow audio-frequency band.

I have predicated the above amount of distortion upon live FM broadcasting, properly originated. That means local transmitter broadcasting of live sound originating in a well-designed studio or hall and sent to the transmitter via a high-quality line. I take it for granted that there will be a qualified broadcast audio technician controlling what is broadcast and that the quality of the sound is not additionally distorted by an automatic level-controlling amplifier. Audio quality of this nature seems to be rare in this country and getting rarer every year. Even when listening to local FM transmissions, one's hearing is abused by music broadcast in poor acoustical surroundings, by tapes poorly recorded or reproduced, or by discs that should have been discarded. At a distance from the live sources audio quality has deteriorated to the point, sometimes, where distortions are unbearably high and where music, especially, bears little relation to the original sound.

It seems to me that there has been a general deterioration—not universal, but general—of the quality of sound broadcasts in this country. Some of it, I am informed, is due to poor quality lines for the transmission of radio programs across the country. It appears to me that our Federal Government, in its quest for ways to improve our broadcasting, should not overlook the fact that millions of people are being deprived of their rights to listen to high-quality broadcasts, regardless of the distance from the source, within the country. "Live" stereo with TV, for example, will have to contend with limitations in the telephone lines available at present.

THIS unfortunate situation is partly due to the cost of top-quality program lines. Radio broadcasting is a business that no longer, it appears, can afford the luxury of buying the best possible facilities for the transmission of sound. Yet the public certainly is entitled to get the best there is, and just because one lives 2,000 miles from New York one should not be penalized by having to listen to distorted music being broadcast from New York and transmitted over inferior lines.

The only way out of this impasse that I can see is for the Federal Government to provide a radio transmission service free of charge for, at least, educational and musical broadcasts, if not all broadcasts. Any one, or more, of several methods could be employed:

1. Point-to-point FM transmission on several bands that could also function in emergencies as an additional radio warning service.

2. Best quality (low phase, frequency, and harmonic distortion) circuits to regional FM Transmitters.

3. Use of TV video lines during TV off hours to permit top quality tape recording of programs for delayed retransmission by local FM stations—and AM stations too, for that matter.

I have merely outlined the evils of the present system. If we ever are to get high-quality broadcasting all over the country—stereo or monaural, FM or AM—broadcasting that is worth recording on tape for home or educational use, the system has to be considerably improved overall.

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Recordings in Review

Stockhausen and His "School"

STOCKHAUSEN: *"Zyklus," "Refrain"*; KAGEL: *"Transición II." Christoph Caskel, percussion, David Tudor, piano, Aloys Kontarsky, woodblocks, and Bernhard Kontarsky, celeste, antique cymbals.* Time S/8001, $5.98.

Just as the most abundant thing in the "civilized" world today is noise, so the least plentiful is new vital musical experience. These pieces of Stockhausen and Kagel add to the noise, but not to the musical experience. Indeed, the only contact they have with the kind of experience in shortest supply is that they are conceived for performance on the piano or with instruments of percussion. But not everything put together on a typewriter is, per se, literature.

One contradiction in listening to this kind of stabilized noise is that, for a city dweller, the unstabilized constantly intrudes. I am not certain, for example, which sounds are produced by an elevator door clanging shut in my hallway, which are produced by the cowbells in Stockhausen's "Refrain." This is not a mere matter of clowning or making fun of the pretensions to order embodied in these expressions; rather it suggests that future pieces should be marked for a) urban, b) suburban, or c) rural listening, in order to leave no doubt when random noises distract the ear from the purposeful ones.

Perhaps the gravest charge against these sounds is that they are not merely old hat, but discarded millinery. The only thing unintelligible about the "Transición II" of Mauricio Kagel (Argentine-born and now a colleague of Stockhausen's at the Studio for Electronic Music at the W. D. Radio in Cologne) is the program notes. For the rest, it is straightforward insurrection in search of a justification.

Three "Fourths" of Mahler

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 4 in G. Georg Solti conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, with Sylvia Stahlman, soprano.* London CS 6217, $5.98. *Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Reri Grist, soprano.* Columbia MS 6152, $5.98. *Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with Lisa Della Casa, soprano.* RCA Victor 4-Track Tape, FTC 2027, $8.95.

Whether or not the reappearance of the Concertgebouw on the London label is a portent of other things to come Decca-Epic-Philips-wise, is at best a guess. What is not at all a guess is that Solti and the Concertgebouw have an affinity for each other, that his salt (if not paprika) goes well with their Dutch blandness, and the outcome is a sustained flow of fine sound, impressively detailed execution, and unquestionably excellent Mahler.

However, Mahler is being better served at the present time than at any time past on records, and each of the other issues noted above has good things to be said for it. Reiner's version, in its disc form, was reviewed here some time ago (LM 2364, Feb. 27, 1960), but Bernstein's has lingered on the shelf until the shock of seeing his picture juxtaposed with Mahler's has worn off. Now that it has, I can say that it is in many respects of the first quality, though the solo instrumentalists (the concertmaster and trumpet player in particular; to a little lesser degree the French horn) are inferior to their counterparts of Chicago and Amsterdam.

In totality, I would still designate Reiner's—now being offered on a silky, suave-sounding tape—as the preferable version of the three. He does not provide Solti's insistent energy, but neither does he overstress some accents in the interests, perhaps, of calling attention to them, as Solti does; he certainly does not have Berstein's inclination to agonize in the slow movement, but he does have a longer sense of line and contrast in his projection of the variations. Finally, as has been noted in the earlier context, Lisa Della Casa is a superb singer for his way of treating this text. It should be added that both Miss Stahlman and Miss Grist—alumnae of New York's City Center—adorn their surroundings. Miss Stahlman, clearly, is developing into the kind of singing artist who should be heard again in New York, and soon.

A for Ansermet and Auber

AUBER: *"Fra Diavolo," "Le Domino Noir"*; HEROLD: *"Zampa"*; LALO: *"Le Roi d'Ys"*, OFFENBACH: *"La Belle Hélène"* and *"Orpheus in the Underworld" Overtures. Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande.* London CS 6205, $5.98.

With so much recording time invested in the Significant, the Complete, and the Unabridged these days, it is well that a small share of it is still reserved for the merely pleasurable. For my part, the whole record could be devoted to Auber, whose "Crown Diamonds," "Horse of Bronze," and "La Muette de Portici" have been honored on some past occasions along with "Fra Diavolo" and "Le Domino Noir" without in the least wearing out the welcome of the famous son of Caen.

For that matter, there is nothing at fault with Offenbach and Hérold (Lalo of "Le Roi d'Ys" is more than a little at a disadvantage in this riant company). But, as with potables, distillers of such distinctive musical intoxicants as Auber, Offenbach, and Hérold each merit attention on his own for best service to the aural taste buds.

However, that is a quibble resting on an individual and perhaps exaggerated appetite for Auber, whose musical personality makes him more the French Rossini than any of his contemporaries. He had the same relish of the unbridled orchestra as it existed in their time, not the least hesitation in employing it to the advantage of his best tunes—which had both the shape and the stamina to absorb the kind of treatment he provided. To be sure, it helps to have a conductor who can distinguish between excitement and mere agitation as well as differentiating the exuberant from the boisterous. For Ansermet, A in Hérold and Offenbach as well as Auber.

"Hary Janos" in Full

KODALY: *"Háry János." Ferencsik János conducting the Budapest Philharmonic Orchestra with Palló Imre, Tiszay Magda, Báthy Anna, Maleczky Oszkár, and others.* Artia Qualiton HLPX 1023-5, $17.98.

As a means to the end of improving one's Hungarian, this issue can be unreservedly recommended. As a means of access to what it purports to be, "Kodály's 'Háry János,' an opera in four adventures with prologue and epilogue," it is less serviceable.

For one primary fact, though Hungarian can hardly be described as everybody's second language, the elaborate booklet (in Hungarian, German, and English) contains not one word of the text—in any language. For another, there is so much spoken dialogue that a mere synopsis, such as is interspersed among Várnai Péter's comments on Kodály's life and music, cannot be considered even a partial alternative, as it might with some aria-operas.

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The net of it is a rather exasperating exercise in multilingual bafflement in which, from time to time, a portion of the familiar suite for symphony orchestra makes a welcome appearance. The adventures vary in length, and from the amount of talk in the first two it would appear that the musical texture at most is no more than incidental to the text. However, there is a more consistent flow of music in parts three and four, with some choral sections and individual vocal soli.

As those acquainted with the much-recorded orchestral suite are aware, Háry János was an archetype of a soldier, a boaster, a storytelling braggart. It is Hungarian folklore that a sneeze attests the truth of what has just been said; and Kodály's orchestral "sneeze" is but one rousing effect in a score that is built up with artistry and care through the adventures in Ruritania, Vienna, Milan, and Vienna, which lead him toward marriage with Princess Marie Louise only to be resolved by a decision to marry his village sweetheart.

Doubtless there could be much more derived from all this on stage, but the substantial fact is that the best of the music is included in the orchestral suite, and that several current discs offer better, more colorful performances of those sections than are included in these discs under Ferencsik János. Those who want the work as a whole for documentary purposes will find it creditably reproduced.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Sophie Tucker—"a celebrity fifty years later, still singing 'Some of These Days' . . ."

The Legacy of Edison

LISZT: *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2, Sergei Rachmaninoff, piano (1919);* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Letter Scene" ("Eugen Onegin"), Claudia Muzio, soprano (1920);* GOUNOD: *"Waltz Song" ("Romeo et Juliette"), Lucrezia Bori, soprano (1913);* CHOPIN: *Preludes Nos. 6, 7, 11, and 23, Etude, Op. 10, No. 1, Moriz Rosenthal, piano (1929);* PONCHIELLI: *"Suicidio" ("La Gioconda"), Emmy Destinn, soprano (1911); Voice of T. A. Edison: "Mary Had a Little Lamb" (1927); Voice of Sir Arthur Sullivan (1888); John Burkhardt, bells: "Light as a Feather" (1917);* BROOKS: *"Some of These Days," Sophie Tucker (1911);* HICKMAN: *"Rose Room," Piccadilly Players (1928);* LAUDER: *"Roamin in the Gloamin'", Sir Harry Lauder (1911);* GILBERT: *"Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee," Collins and Harlan (1912);* FIORITO: *"Laugh, Clown, Laugh," Henrietta Kamern, pipe organ (1928).* Edison Foundation, 8 West 40th Street, N.Y.C., $5.

Though it seems somewhat tardy for the installation of Thomas Alva Edison in the Hall of Fame at New York University to be delayed until this year (he died in 1931, and there are, of course, rigid rules concerning a time lapse prior to admission), the present provides a more fitting setting for this commemorative recording than any past time. For there is hardly a phase of existence untouched by what Sir Arthur Sullivan accurately describes as an invention that both "astonishes" and "terrifies." The contents themselves are a comment on mortality (and immortality) for who would have imagined in 1911 that Sophie Tucker would be a celebrity fifty years later, and still singing "Some of These Days"?

Thanks to skilful restoration by Professor Walter L. Welch of the State University of New York [working with the Audio Visual Center at Syracuse University and aided by the Edison Laboratory National Monument at West Orange, New Jersey] the quality of reproduction, though variable, is faithful enough to permit every item to make its own appeal. Typically, the human voice lent itself to the early methods of Edison better than most other things, the piano perhaps least. Hence for those whose concern is primarily with the second side, the distinctive voices of Muzio, Bori, and Destinn will be found to have much more real identity than the piano recordings. As between Rachmaninoff and Rosenthal, the latter's lighter tonal approach to the keyboard suited the microphones available in 1929 better than the former's did the horn-gathering means of recording a decade before.

In purely musical terms, Destinn's "Suicidio" (with its extraordinary low as well as high register) is the rousing artistic experience of this disc, but every single track has the odd, the entertaining, or the illuminating to recommend it. For those who take note of changing modes in the interpretation of popular music, the 1911 "Some of These Days," the 1912 "Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee," and the 1928 "Rose Room" will bear out one consideration sometimes overlooked in the imitations of such matters (especially on television): they are far from the stilted, corny, or ludicrous things they are sometimes made to sound—especially by those who couldn't possibly have known the original and are purveying a caricature.

Taking one thing with another, however—to borrow one of his own Savoyard phrases—nothing quite approaches the fascination of Sullivan's "phonogram" of 1888. It was a product of Edison's development, in 1887, of the wax cylinder, which was a great improvement on previous methods of capturing sound. Among those who were recorded when it was introduced to England in 1888 were Gladstone, Robert Browning, and Florence Nightingale; but the cylinder was not rediscovered until a few years ago, and its contents put on tape. Thus few among the public could possibly have heard this voice, sounding exactly as one imagined Sir Arthur would sound, and saying the perfectly typical as well as the profoundly prophetic:

"Dear Mr. Edison: For myself, I can only say that I am astonished and somewhat terrified at the result of this evening's experiment. Astonished at the wonderful form you have developed and terrified at the thought that so much hideous and bad music will be put on records forever! But all the same, I think it is the most wonderful thing that I have ever experienced and I congratulate you with all my heart on this wonderful discovery." —I.K.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
†Bruch: Concerto in G minor (No. 1). Mozart: Concerto in G (K. 216). Jaime Laredo, violin, with the National Symphony conducted by Howard Mitchell. RCA Victor LSC 2472, $5.98; monaural, LM 2472, $4.98; 4-Track Tape, FTC 2053, $8.95.	The wholehearted partnership of Mitchell, Laredo, and the ever-improving National Symphony produces a pair of performances outstanding in musicality, freshness of spirit, and uniformity of impulse. It more than regains for Laredo the esteem he lost in a venture with Brahms (Sonata No. 3) and Bach (Partita No. 3) for which he was not yet quite ready. Mitchell's shaping of the orchestral background, especially in the Mozart, suggests that for such matters he and his orchestra are better equipped to produce quality results than others at RCA's disposal. The very good tape offers Bruch in one direction, Mozart in the other.
Gershwin: "Rhapsody in Blue" and "American in Paris." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, with Jesús María Sanromá, piano. Everest SDBR 3067, $5.98. Wilhelm von Luden conducting the Hamburg Philharmonic with Johann von Kurtz. Tops 6001, $4.98.	Neither of these is the ultimate in the idiomatic, though the performance by the expatriate German Steinberg with Sanromá of the "Rhapsody" comes closest to it of all the four sides. His "American in Paris" tends to become analytic at a cost to the easygoing spirit of the work. As for the Hamburgers, they make a more than conscious effort, but it is possible almost to see them counting the beats for this jaunty effect or that, the subdividing getting to the point where nothing jaunty comes out. Von Kurtz is a capable pianist but he hardly has the assistance he merits. The Everest recording has fine substance as well as detail.
†Handel: "Royal Fireworks Music." Edmond Appia conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. "Water Music." Felix Prohaska conducting the same. Vanguard VTC 1621, $7.95.	This tape provides something new in the realm of listening experience for the new convert to the medium—a full-length tape of the "Royal Fireworks Music" joined to a treatment of the "Water Music" that takes only a part of the reel and leaves nearly ten minutes of tape playing time unexpended—a special curiosity since tape, rather than program material, is considered the basic ingredient of cost. The performances are lively, the recording good—but the procedure is baffling.
Haydn: Concerto No. 2. Rolf Lind, horn, with Christopher Stepp conducting. Concerto in E flat. Adolf Scherbaum, trumpet, with the same. Molter, J. M.: Concerto No. 3 in G. Jost Michaels, clarinet, with Hans Stadlmair conducting. Deutsche Grammophon ARC 73151, $6.98.	The fulfillment of this record is not as bright as its promise, for clearly definable reasons: the horn concerto, which, if genuine Haydn (the evidence is not conclusive), is not particularly good; and the trumpet concerto, which is, suffers from inept performance. This is due in part to the problems posed by the E flat trumpet played by Scherbaum, but at best he is not the musician that George Eskdale, who introduced it to records in the Forties, was. Lind is an admirable horn player in the other work, rather thinly scored and musically static for even the Haydn of the late 1760s. Molter's concerto, the first known for this instrument, has curio interest but not much more. Good reproduction.
†Lalo: "Symphonie Espagnole." Henryk Szeryng, violin, with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Hendl. RCA Victor LSC 2456, $5.98; monaural, LM 2456, $4.98; 4-Track Tape, FTC 2051, $8.95.	Aside from the strong, accurate violin playing of Szeryng, this tape offers little that is competitive with the versions of such players as Stern, Francescatti, Oistrakh, or Heifetz. To his credit, Szeryng plays all five movements (including the usually omitted Intermezzo), but the cost, to the disc, is the second-side work included in virtually every other version. On the tape, it makes a price ratio of about three to two, which for Szeryng's rough attack and Hendl's overinsistent kind of orchestral direction is hardly proportionate.
†Liszt: Rhapsody No. 6; Hérold: "Zampa" Overture; von Suppé: "Fatinitza" Overture; Weber: "Der Freischütz" Overture; Grieg: "Last Spring"; Tchaikovsky: Waltz ("Serenade for Strings"); Brahms: Hungarian Dance No. 6; Massenet: "Aragonaise" ("Le Cid"). Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor 4-Track Tape 2067, $8.95.	Assuming one does not gag on the gaggy title ("More Classical Music for People Who Hate Classical Music"), there is a typical quality content in these well-recorded performances by the Boston "Pops" under Fiedler's painstaking direction. Three of the four longer pieces are very well performed, with only Weber's "Freischütz" suffering from some unseemly haste as the coda approaches, a melodic phrase here and there overproduced. Technically, it would seem desirable to have more of a blank interval than is provided between selections, especially when they are as diverse in character as Hérold's "Zampa" Overture and the pensive Grieg that follows.
Menotti: Concerto; Copland: Concerto. Earl Wild, piano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Jorge Mester and Copland. Vanguard VSD 2094, $5.95.	Either work would be a desirable addition to the catalogue of "availables" (both have had previous recordings though neither persisted) and the coupling provides a dual service. Having said this much, however, it should be added that the value of the issue is more documentary than esthetic, for neither work is wholly successful. Menotti's shows a remarkable sense of order in the execution of what is, for him, a rare digression into orchestral music, though it strikes me that the finale lets down the previous two movements. As for the Copland, Arthur Cohn achieves the not inconsiderable feat of writing several hundred words about it without once mentioning the name of Gershwin—though the latter's concerto preceded the Copland by a year and two months. Pervasively, the difference is that Gershwin's ideas make their appeal even though he cannot integrate them into a cohesive form, while Copland's formal sense has limited appeal because of ideas he has not wholly assimilated. Wild plays both very well, and the reproduction is first class.
†Puccini: "Turandot." Birgit Nilsson, Jussi Bjoerling, Renata Tebaldi, and Giorgio Tozzi, with the orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor 4-Track Tape, FTC 8001, $21.95.	The tape version of the fine performance previously available (stereo, LSC 6149, $11.98, monaural, LM 6149, $9.98) is appreciably more brilliant in sound, with a freer circulation of all tonal values than either the stereo or the monophonic versions. It is also an advantage to have the second act complete on a single stretch of tape without an interruption. However, this requires a length of tape close to the maximum that can be accommodated on a seven-inch reel, and it requires careful handling. Otherwise it is one of the outstanding tapes in the 4-Track category thus far.
Webern: Six Pieces for Orchestra (Opus 6); Schoenberg: "Begleitungsmusik"; Berg: Three Pieces for Orchestra. Robert Craft conducting the Columbia Symphony. Columbia MS 6216, $5.98.	Craft has made a contribution of real value (as has Columbia in its underwriting of this venture) by adding the original (1909) form of Webern's Six Pieces to his previous recording (in K4L 232) of the revised orchestration of 1929. The compositional purpose is better fulfilled in the "large" scoring (six trombones, etc.) than in the more modest means he decreed later, the relationship of auditor to creator much closer. Berg's expressive range is not yet of its later intensity in the "early" (1914) works; the "Begleitungsmusik" a kind of sardonic commentary on "film music," being written for no film at all. Possibly it would be a suitable task for a Bergman or de Sica to invert the usual procedure and compose a film to be performed in conjunction with these pieces ("Threatening Danger," "Fear," "Catastrophe"). The performances are of the scrupulousness, in detail and sum, associated with Craft. —Irving Kolodin.

†Indicates 4-track stereo tape.

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Hummel's Liszt, Zak's Brahms

By JAN HOLCMAN

TWO previously unreviewed discs made by a conscientious artist, Stanley Hummel, should be greeted as a welcome addition to the current piano discography. Not a word of the whereabouts of this pianist is included on the jacket cover, and it is solely his first name that distinguishes him from Hummel the composer. His most eloquent encores embrace a quite exciting and largely accurate reading of Liszt's "Feux Follets," and the Chopin-Liszt "Maiden's Wish," which is to be admired for elegance, individual expression, and neat, attractive finger technique (Ersta 1020, $4.98). His agile, independent fingers do equal justice to a Moszkowski salon piece, "En Automne," once notable for a Gabrilovitch performance that on the whole does not overshadow Hummel's, who also sincerely tries to make something out of nothing. From his reading of the Bizet-Rachmaninoff Menuet, one could assume that Hummel favors strong accents and that with his pronounced sense of rhythm and his zest for abundant dynamics he might have been influenced by Rachmaninoff's own performances. In any case, judging from his treatment of dynamics, Rachmaninoff's Etude Opus 39, No. 6 suits Hummel's pianism best. He produces too much sound in the G sharp minor Prelude, which has been subjected here, too frequently, to the cannonade of attacking sonorities. And Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, full of appropriate, organ-like solemn arpeggios, is followed by a fugue that receives a rather aggressive treatment. Then comes a balanced and "well sung out" Chopin A flat Ballade in which the pianist fortunately does not neglect the special mission of the left hand in a fragmentary polymelodic episode. Either by preference or through insecurity, Mr. Hummel is here not very generous with the pedal. This limitation at times adds a certain dryness to the performance. The early climax appears a bit "careful," the later one is reserved but excellent (not *and* excellent).

In one respect this recording forces us to participate in the interpretation: the listener may feel like increasing the volume of the Ballade after he has heard the mentioned encores. It is safe to say that if we have to change the volume during any recorded performance, something has gone wrong with the dynamic sphere of the reading, unless the fault lies with the engineer. The latter is more often the case, however, when we are compelled to change the volume not only within one composition but also for different pieces on the same disc. And this was actually the case with Hummel's recording.

HIS second LP comprises Liszt's Sonata and the "Appassionata" (Ersta 1010, $4.98). For all the excellence of several isolated sections this addition to the few vibrant Liszt versions available (Bolet, Fleisher, etc.) is not truly indispensable. It is easy to admit that some episodes are tonally rewarding in impact. It is not easy to accept Hummel's slightly theatrical manner of picking up his hands and simultaneously cutting off the pedal, as he does in the conclusion of the crescendo passages in certain technical sections. The intention to render them dramatically becomes corrupted in rendering them drastically. Neither were the successive powerful octaves equally balanced.

Very dynamic is one description for Hummel's version of Beethoven's "Passion" Sonata. There is some original expression delivered by the medium of capable fingers. On the whole his interpretive or architectural ideas are not striking enough to define his pianism as a "style of playing," a pianism that excels in dynamics. He can also sing out phrases, but why he does it "here" instead of "there" is not sufficiently convincing to prevent us from thinking that if he had sung out "there" instead of "here" it would have sounded equally well.

RICHTER'S colleague Zak (who, like Richter, studied with Neuhaus) offers Brahms's B flat Concerto. This Concerto must have recently become a war horse for Russian pianists, although not necessarily a winning horse. We now have this work recorded by Gilels, Ashkenazy, Richter, and Zak, while Bashkirov has also found it imperative to play it here in person. Setting aside the Western masters like Backhaus, Rubinstein, and Horowitz, who contributed a lot to this major work quite some time ago, the most timely comparison seems to be between the recent Zak and Richter versions. The "sane" and less individualistic Zak approaches the first movement with singing intervals and melodious octaves, not to speak of single notes, his technique being for the most part under superlative control (Artia MK 1517 $4.98).

Those listeners who enjoy the annoying chromatic, appoggiatural broken octaves in high registers, which invariably resemble a piano being tuned, will find them less impetuous and impatient with Zak than when pressed by the more temperamental piano-tuner, Richter, who also plays the most difficult sections with considerable ease, compared with the excellent virtuoso, Zak. The second movement shows Zak less flexible in pulsation and less variable in coloring than the far more original and daring Richter. Zak's fortissimos in the third movement are not as admirable as Richter's, who has mastered a better, or still better, legato. Zak's fourth movement may be preferable in a few instances for some graciously performed episodes. As for those tortuous double thirds, Zak's are here more precise than Richter's but the latter are more exciting and technically, in the coda, more imposing. It remains a mystery why Zak, the first-prize winner of the 1937 International Chopin Competition, must first record on LP Brahms, Schumann, and Debussy before the blind-man's-buff-oriented recording companies permit us to become familiar with his Chopin interpretations.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas Opera 101, 109, 78, and 49, No. 1. Andor Foldes, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138643, $6.98.	As in many of his other recordings (Brahms, Bartók, Liszt, etc.), Foldes is wanting not in what he does, but in what he leaves undone. So far as his performances of the Sonatas Opera 101 and 109 go, they are thoughtful, logical, and pianistically precise. But there is little sub-surface probing, not even a rare lyric flight that carries the listener with it, or, for that matter, an impelling utterance—even if wrongly calculated. The two earlier works are rippling and well formed. Good piano reproduction.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Opus 10, No. 3, and Opus 57. Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2366, $5.98.	There are many inimitable things in these performances, especially the coda of the "Appassionata" in which, having sown the wind, Horowitz reaps the whirlwind in a climax few pianists could conceive, let alone execute. However, there are also a number of accents and emphases which are more didactic than expository, stresses laid on too thickly, as if the performer were afraid their effect might go unnoticed. In both works one has a strong feeling that a link of communication is lacking, due, perhaps, to the length of time in which Horowitz has been playing mostly to an audience of one (himself). Loud, sometimes jarring, piano reproduction.
†Beethoven: Sonatas in A flat (Opus 26) and F minor (Opus 57). Sviatoslav Richter, piano. RCA Victor 4-Track Tape, FTC 2069, $8.95, stereo disc LSC 2545, $5.98, monaural disc LM 2545, $4.98.	It is by now a self-evident fact that Richter is as much a master of the piano as any interpreter need be, and as sound a musician as the requirements of any music he has thus far performed in this country or on records demand. What remains at issue, however, is the range of his temperamental affinities, the degree of justice in his response to this work or that. The variation here is as wide as the differing character of the works themselves, but not restricted to one or the other. Thus Richter is at his most persuasive in the slow movement ("Funeral March") of the A flat, at his least convincing in the "Appassionata's" slow movement: whose variations would seem equally responsive to his kind of intelligence and application. The tape is good, though some five minutes' worth remains unexpended on the Opus 26 track.
Brahms: Intermezzi (Opus 76, Nos. 6 and 7, Opus 116, No. 4, Opus 117, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, Opus 118, Nos. 1, 2, and 6, Opus 119, No. 1). Glenn Gould, piano. Columbia MS 6237, $5.98.	If one were to conclude from these performances that Brahms was a stodgy, sentimental composer lacking either in vigor or masculinity, the case would be a matter wholly of Gould's misinterpretation of the evidence. For whatever his intuition about some aspects of the literature and his studious understanding of other aspects, he is lacking in either the intuition or the scholarship for music of this kind. All of it is too slow, and mooned over, with little of the give and take, the elasticity of mood in the music. Good piano reproduction.
Fauré: Sonata in A, Opus 13. Debussy: Sonata in G minor, No. 3. Gary Graffman, piano, with Berl Senofsky, violin. RCA Victor LM 2488, $4.98.	Senofsky, who is less known as a recorded performer, makes an excellent partner for Graffman, and vice versa. However, it is not so clear that, together, they make an ideal partnership with Fauré and Debussy. Both performers are strong, assertive, and forceful, which is not always a true match for the introspective, refined idioms of the two French composers. However, the degree of musicianship they possess is a counterbalance to other tendencies, so that both works have a substantial amount of true character. Those who prefer the *French* French treatment will look elsewhere.
Liszt: Concert Etudes Nos. 2 and 3, "La Campanella," "Liebestraum," "Mephisto Waltz," "Funerailles," Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6. Ivan Davis, piano. Columbia MS 6222, $5.98.	Ivan Davis, of Electra, Texas, who won the Franz Liszt competition promoted as part of the "Song Without End" picture campaign, is a pianist of much technical skill, power, and sound musicianship, but it doesn't strike me that he does the one thing this association would suggest—play Liszt well. There is a good deal of glitter in his "Campanella" and appropriate languor in his "Liebestraum," but these are hardly Liszt so much as piano-music-in-general. The more challenging "Funerailles," F minor Concert Etude, and sixth Rhapsody find him able to cope with mechanical requirements but rather barren of ideas on what they are about, poetically or artistically. Thus what emerges is rather garish, noisy playing without the purposefulness or the organizational impulse to make them an interesting listening experience. His tone, as reproduced, is also brittle and lacking real resonance.
Mozart: Divertimenti in D (K. 251) and F (K. 247). Colin Davis conducting the English Chamber Orchestra. London L'Oiseau Lyre 50198, $4.98.	This pairing attracts attention not only for what but for whom, as Colin Davis is regarded in some English circles as a conductor of high promise. His work here has the attractive virtues of clarity and directness, his tempi are apt, and he has a sound conception of how to treat the embellishments in this kind of music. What is presently unresolved is his degree of feeling for the style as well as knowledge of it, for there is less flexibility than one would like to hear, a rather rigid downbeat throughout. Also, the quality of string sound, harsh from too close microphoning, is not true Mozartian preferences.
Tchaikovsky: "Souvenir de Florence," Opus 70. Leonid Kogan, violin, Elizaveta Gilels, violin, Rudolf Barshai, viola, Heinrich Talalyan, viola, S. Knushevitsky, cello, M. Rostropovich, cello. Artia MK 1544, $4.98.	A "concert party" such as this, playing repertory such as this, would be a welcomed addition to the cultural exchange program. For there is, in addition to the mere matter of playing the notes, a problem of integration and projection among six strings which profits from common training and musical views, such as prevail among Kogan and wife and their associates. As for the music, it has some qualities of kinship with the string "Serenade" and the well-known quartet, with more intimacy than the former, more sonority than the latter. A Mendelssohnian finale suggests a source of influence on Tchaikovsky not usually associated with him. Fairly good recording, somewhat lacking in body.
†Verdi: "La Traviata." Anna Moffo, soprano, Richard Tucker, tenor, Robert Merrill, baritone, and the Rome Opera House Orchestra conducted by Fernando Previtali. RCA Victor LSC 6154, $11.98, monaural, LM 6154, $9.98, 4-Track Tape FTC 8002, $21.95. †*Indicates 4-track stereo tape.*	There are, in effect, two performances going on here alternately: a normal Italian one, in the orchestral interludes and the choral segment of Act III where Previtali is truly in charge, and a normal Metropolitan one in much of the rest. Which is to say, merely, that Tucker and Merrill are so confirmed in their treatment of this music that Previtali is more or less an accessory after the fact. I do not find that way particularly appealing, for the natural beauty of both voices is abused by an insistence on strenuous pursuit of power. Miss Moffo is relatively more responsive to the Previtali influence, but this is not yet a characterization of the depth or definition to register by voice alone. The technical work is well done, though the delivery of the letter, sotto voce, is more a cinematographic than an operatic effect. The division of the acts on the two tape reels provides no break at all between Acts I and II, though there is considerable blank tape after the abrupt interruption of the Violetta-Germont duet before "Pura siccome un angelo." In other words, tape itself is no sure cure for all recording ailments. —I. K.

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"Vixen" by Janacek

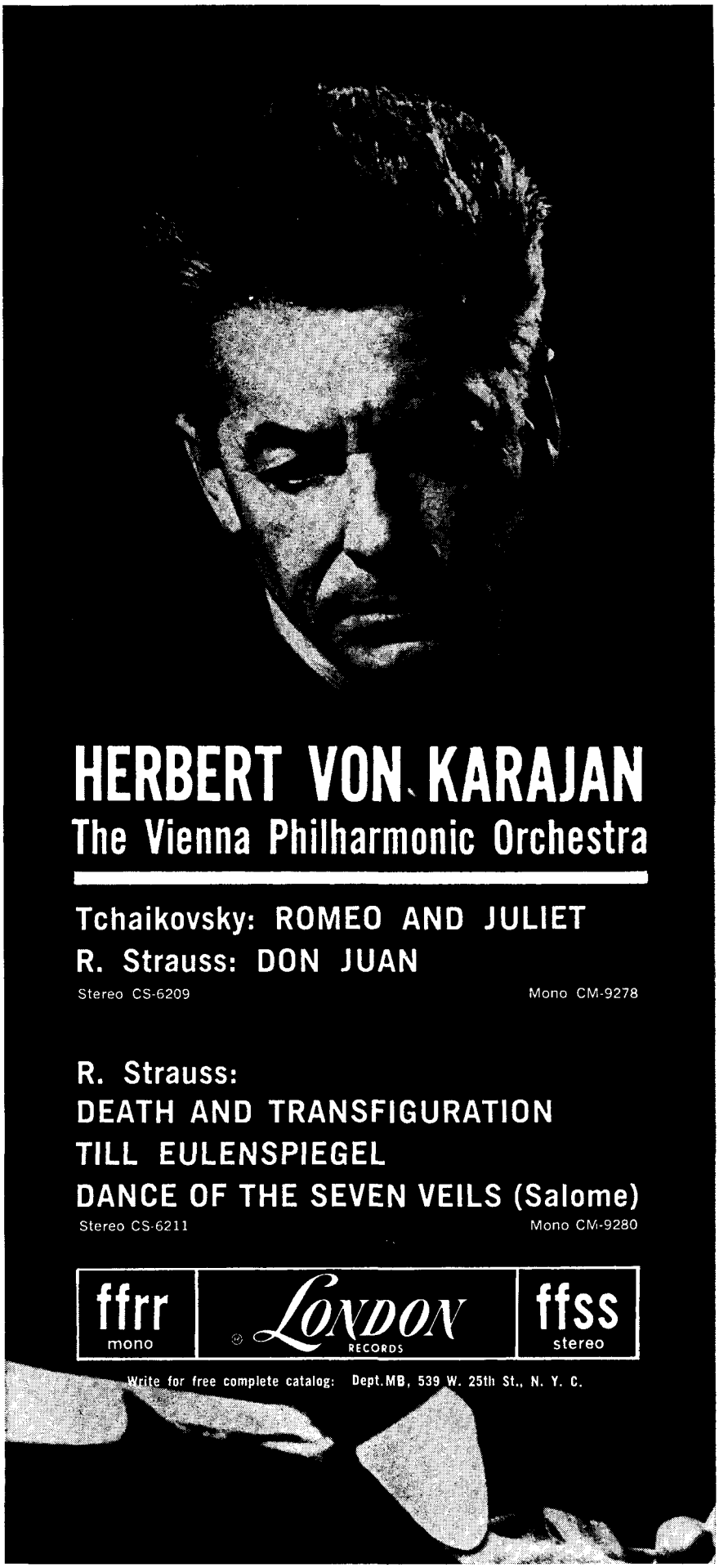
By Herbert Weinstock

SOMETIME before 1924, a series of satirical, folksily philosophical cartoons with text dealing with the adventures of a half-animal, half-human vixen ran in a Czech newspaper. These inevitably disjointed episodes by Rudolf Tesnohlidek appealed to Leos Janacek, who stitched some of them into a libretto, which he set as a three-act opera entitled "Lisky Prihody Bystrousky" (known in German as "Das schlaue Füchslein," in English usually as "The Cunning Little Vixen"). It was produced at Brno on November 16, 1924, at Prague in 1925, and, in a German edition by Max Brod, at Mainz in 1927. Like such others of Janacek's operas as "Jeji Pastorkyna" ("Jenufa"), "Katya Kabanova," "Vec Makropulos" ("The Makropulos Secret"), and "Z Mrtveho Domu" ("From the House of the Dead"), "The Cunning Little Vixen" has been making the rounds of European opera houses since World War II. It has chalked up successes at, among other places, the Komische Oper of Berlin, the Vienna Volksoper, La Scala, and Sadler's Wells. A lively Janacek cult exists.

Artia Records now offers us the complete Supraphon recording of "The Cunning Little Vixen" in Czech (ALPO-88 B/L, $10.98). I can understand that in a highly imaginative, stylistically sure-handed staging, such as by unamimous report Walter Felsenstein gave it at the Komische Oper and La Scala, "The Cunning Little Vixen" comes into single focus. "Our eyes," Desmond Shawe-Taylor wrote of the Berlin performance, "were kept so busy that we almost forgot to listen." And that visual busyness clearly is essential. As conducted by Vaclav Neumann, with soloists, orchestra, and chorus of the Prague National Theatre and the Jan Kuhn Children's Chorus, what comes from these admirably clear and lifelike records remains an alternately charming, tantalizing, and unsatisfying potpourri.

In "The Cunning Little Vixen," as almost everywhere, we hear music of mixed, oblique origins well off the great highways. Janacek was condemned, by native originality combined with naïveté, to stylistic uncertainty. A composer more steeped in the ways of the musical world surely would have excised many passages of sentimental banality which mar "The Cunning Little Vixen." Similarly, he would not have invited a debilitated version of Debussy, Ravel, and Poulenc to coalesce with Smetana, Dvorak, and Fibich. And

(*Continued on page* 41)



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EARMARKS

Music from a Troubled City

IN RECENT years, visitors to New Orleans who have wanted to hear jazz played by native Negro musicians have been frustrated by a system of tourism that simply does not include Negro music on its itineraries. One doesn't have to look far for a cause; with the city in the state of siege and uncertainty that has been foisted upon it by the red-neck, upstate legislators of Baton Rouge, it is difficult to bring together white listeners and local Negroes.

The result has been an ironic compromise. Bourbon Street, in the French Quarter, hires untalented but undeniably loud musicians to play along its strip; many come from outside the city. They play standard tunes of the New Orleans repertory; as a rule, they play them badly. And the music that has gone on, quietly and unobtrusively and away from Bourbon Stret, bears very little resemblance to this product. It is the music of Negro musicians who have had to stick to byways—the cabarets and clubs not frequented by tourists; the big, rowdy dance halls catering to local New Orleanians and planted in out-of-the-way places; the streets of uptown New Orleans that come alive on summer Sundays with the blare of marching brass.

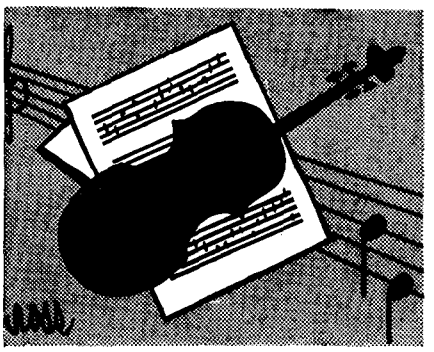
Now, because of a unique recording project, the talents of all the surviving Negro musicians of New Orleans have been brought together in one well-produced series that succeeds admirably in capturing the spirit of their work. This collection is titled "New Orleans: The Living Legends." Four records of the projected twelve LPs are now available. These are: "New Orleans: The Living Legends" (Riverside RLP 356, 357, two records in one package, $10.00); "'Sweet Emma' Barrett, the Bell Gal, and Her Dixieland Boys" (Riverside RLP 364, $4.98); and "Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers" (Riverside RLP 365, $4.98). The first package of two LPs contains twenty selections and is intended as a preview or sampler of the music by different groups of the single LPs that follow. Those brought together in the opening package include the two named above, plus Jim Robinson's New Orleans Band; Percy Humphrey's Crescent City Joymakers; Billie and Dede Pierce; Louis Cottrell Trio; Peter Bocage and His Creole Serenaders; and the Love-Jiles Ragtime Orchestra.

It would be unfair to everyone concerned to pretend that the music of any one of these eight groups displays overmuch of the broad sweep, dazzling bravura, and musical authority of earlier New Orleans jazz. It is also saddening to learn, from liner notes to the Riverside series, that in a town that once gave support to hundreds of musical organizations, there remain now only twenty-seven Negro musicians who could be recruited for a series of comprehensive recording sessions.

What emerges today from these twenty-seven is a kind of music that is light, informal, and danceable. Nothing of its kind can be found anywhere else. It carries without nostalgia the authentic ring of bygone triumphs and the charm, rare in any contemporary music, of absolute unpretentiousness.

Consider, for example, the dance-hall music of Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers, a group until recently heard quite frequently at a place called Le Moulin Rouge, across the river from New Orleans in the suburb of Algiers. In their hands, the melodious and compelling hymn "Sing On" is given a splendid setting. The gay, lively portamento of Louis Nelson's trombone, the vigorous, prancing drumming of Samuel Penn, the singing of Thomas's ratty, forceful trumpet and the raucous slithering of Albert Burbank's clarinet all work cohesively to make a statement of music that is living and meaningful. And Kid Thomas's horn work on the moving "Gally House Blues" puts him in the fore of living interpreters of instrumental blues.

The liner notes to the LP of "'Sweet Emma' Barrett and Her Dixieland Boys" make much of the fact that the lady leader of the group comes equipped with a pair of flamboyant garters outfitted with bells and worn below the knees, which tinkle with the movement of her legs as she plays at the piano. More significant for the group is the fact that its musical director is Percy Humphrey, cornet-leader of the Eureka Brass Band. With Percy is his brother Willie who plays clarinet; the Humphreys together represent a sequence of valid New Orleans music-making that goes back three generations. With the Humphrey brothers in the front line of melody instrumentalists is Jim Robinson, trombone, a veteran of nearly as many bands as there have been in New Orleans. The verve and lilt that the group brings to the standard tune "Chinatown" is memorable. And "The Bell Gal's Careless Blues" is nothing more than the classic "Careless Love," not in new dress, but rendered with the feeling and skill that only a group of competent veterans would supply. Notable, too, is the band's easy, relaxed playing throughout of "Tishomingo Blues."



The first Riverside LP of the series is perhaps most interesting in that its commingling of various bands gives an over-all impression of the many kinds of interpretations of blues, march tunes, spirituals, rags, and popular songs that can still be heard in New Orleans. The sequence of twenty selections played by seven different groups is well edited for contrast and pacing; it unfolds enjoyments and surprises.

The traditional tune "Rip 'Em Up Joe," as played by Percy Humphrey's Crescent City Joymakers, can be taken as a pleasing example of contemporary New Orleans music-making at its engaging best. Its structure is simple. It moves forward with a well-performed series of humorous solos notable for their restraint; its underlying rhythmic foundation is sure and nonchalant.

Two lyric moments are provided by polished performances of the Louis Cottrell Trio, composed of Cottrell, clarinet, Emmanuel Sayles, guitar, and McNeal Breaux, bass. Their rendition of "Down by the Riverside" is straightforward exploration of the melody of an old revival hymn.

Another gem comes as the very last of the twenty selections—the Love-Jiles Ragtime Band's buoyant reading of the early Clarence and Spencer Williams tune "West Indies Blues." The instrumentation is unusual: Peter Bocage plays trumpet and violin; Charlie Love, trumpet; Albert Warner, trombone; Paul Barnes, clarinet. The mechanism played by Auguste Lanoix, bassist, sounds as if it could be a washtub equipped with plucking thong. The whole performance swings beautifully and subtly. Altogether, the sound captured is that of the wandering street bands of an earlier period, something like a cross between Calypso and skiffle.

—FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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"Vixen" by Janacek

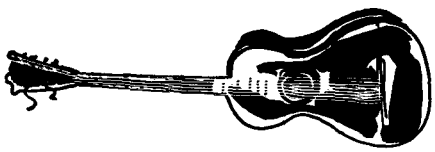
Continued from page 39

when, as in this opera, Janacek's undeveloped spurts of original musical thought are applied to a libretto in itself fragmented and stylistically a mongrel, the result can only be depressingly mixed. At moments a vivid musical idea, apart from the libretto, seems about to lift us out of uncertainty. But then Janacek either drops it altogether or fails to make of it all that it promised.

At the best moments of "The Cunning Little Vixen," the pantheistically conceived forest life of small animals and simple humans achieves the charm of Ravel's "L'Enfant et les sortilèges." At the worst, it sounds like a misguided cautionary tale for children mated to movie background music emphasizing celesta, xylophone, and syrupy divided strings. In purely orchestral interludes, too, we appear to be hearing the weaker scenes of Smetana's much more appreciable operas. Because "The Cunning Little Vixen" has to get on without true dramatic interest, it finally is weakened too much by lack of the constant musical strengths that might have made us able to overlook its lack of taste.

Never having heard a staged performance of "The Cunning Little Vixen," I am prepared to take this recorded version as idiomatic. Rudolf Asmus as the Forester sings admirably, lending a welcome touch of Hans Sachs-like warm humanity to the scattered proceedings. The other singers, notably those of the numerous animal roles, are asked to do little more than project the libretto, and do well what is required of them. Artia has supplied a handsome package and a synopsis and bilingual libretto, the English translation being poor stuff as English and inaccurate as translation ("*Je v Brne*" does not mean "He's in town," but rather "He's in Brno," which is at once more specific and more colorful, and this is but one sample of many that might be cited).

By all means, let us have a superb stage production of "The Cunning Little Vixen." Opera is a form of theatre, and we must not be discouraged by finding that as a recorded drama in music, devoid of scenery, costumes, and stage activity, this one produces little more than a series of effects, intermittently fascinating, embarassing, vivid, blurred, and dull.



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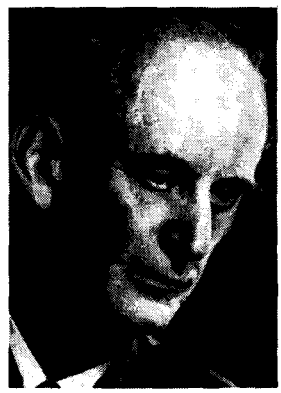

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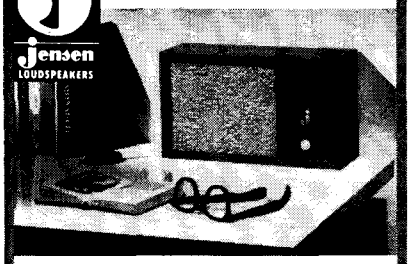

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LONDON.

A FEW YEARS ago the record club movement began to infiltrate from across the Atlantic, and many of us connected with the industry in one way or another viewed the process with misgivings, fearing that some of the less scrupulous operators might succeed in undermining the record market as we knew it by flooding it with cut-rate products of inferior quality. Our fears have largely proved groundless for, while several of these organizations continue to flourish, their impact on the over-all picture has not amounted to much except in one respect: they compelled established manufacturers to take countermeasures and, as a result, we are faced today with a superb catalogue of cut-rate recordings. Decca led the way with the now famous Ace of Clubs series, and EMI and Philips followed suit.

Today, in this special sector, it is no longer club discs that have to be trumped (or "aced"); the real competition is among the Big Three as they vie with each other in offering hitherto unheard of values. There cannot be many commodities that are cheaper today than twenty-five years ago (without even allowing for the fact that the purchasing power of today's money is but a fraction of what it was before World War II), yet what one can obtain today for only a few dollars would have made the impecunious collector's mouth water in my student days.

Philips has launched a new cheap Fontana label entitled "Masters of Art"—so called because each sleeve features a color reproduction of some notable painting (French impressionists seem especially popular) and, lest art lovers be tempted to dismember the sleeve in order to have it framed, a further copy of the same print is included with each disc. This may be a gimmick to promote sales (though I can think of worse) but these discs do in fact offer quite sensational value. They feature standard classics performed by the most famous of artists: the first list contains two Beecham couplings—Beethoven No. 6 with Schubert No. 8, Beethoven No. 8 with Mendelssohn No. 4—an Isaac Stern disc of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart concertos, Serkin playing Brahms Concerto No. 2 and, on another disc, Beethoven Concertos Nos. 2 and 4. DGG's parallel Heliodor series, while eschewing extramusical blandishments, also comes out with a startling bargain now and again, the latest of these being David Oistrakh's fine performance of the Brahms Concerto, recorded in East Germany and for some years one of the most highly commended versions of the concerto at almost twice its new price.

EMI, on the other hand, pursue a somewhat different line: HMV "Concert Classics" are invariably new recordings—recent offerings have included Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony conducted by Silvestri and a Mozart coupling (C minor Concerto and the Sonata K.576) featuring Louis Kentner—though, since the same artists also make top-price discs, one sometimes wonders whether a "Concert Classic" is simply a normal recording which, for some reason or other, did not turn out quite as well as had been hoped.

I suspect that this was the reason behind Decca's decision, some eighteen months ago, to put out Ansermet's performance of the Ninth Symphony as a single "Ace of Clubs" disc, though this left them with a ticklish problem on their hands: what to do with the stereo version. Stereo "Aces" do not exist here, and there was the further question of one disc or two. At long last the performance has been released in stereo, and the company's back-room wizards have managed not only to put it on a single disc (sold at normal, not cut, price) but have given us the best-sounding Ninth yet. Ansermet's is not a great performance, though always thoughtful and interesting, but the sound is wonderfully clear and far truer to life than in any other version known to me—particularly as regards the balance between solo voices, chorus, and orchestra in the Finale (where the approaching entry of the vocal forces has, in the past, usually thrown control rooms into a panic, resulting in absurd fluctuations of perspective and volume levels!).

Even more remarkable is another Ansermet disc, presumably of more recent vintage, devoted to music by Ravel—a generous collection consisting of the second "Daphnis et Chloe" Suite, the "Alborada," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and the "Valses nobles et sentimentales." Here the music is right up Ansermet's street, and the sound is unbelievably gorgeous, in my view beyond the present reach of any other company. Also announced this month

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is Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade featuring Willy Boskovsky with Münchinger and the Vienna Philharmonic.

RCA's June list contains Van Cliburn's unlikely coupling of Prokofiev and MacDowell concertos and a Schumann/Brahms Lieder recital by the gifted Maureen Forrester, the latter in close and not wholly advantageous competition with a recent Columbia-Angel disc by Christa Ludwig and Gerald Moore (which also contained "Frauenliebe und Leben" and the "Zigeunerlieder"). The new RCA "Don Giovanni," listed for May, arrived with the first June releases and confronts the potential buyer with a difficult choice. It boasts a fine cast, but so does the Columbia-Angel set directed by Giulini. RCA's sound, though fundamentally superior to EMI's, suffers from excessive reverberation; the performance is far more imaginatively "produced"—down to the ominous sound of the Don unsheathing his sword in response to the Commendatore's foolhardy challenge—but I am disturbed, as so often before, by Leinsdorf's seeming inability to secure a genuinely integrated ensemble, a fault that sounds as though it is due to too rigid a beat.

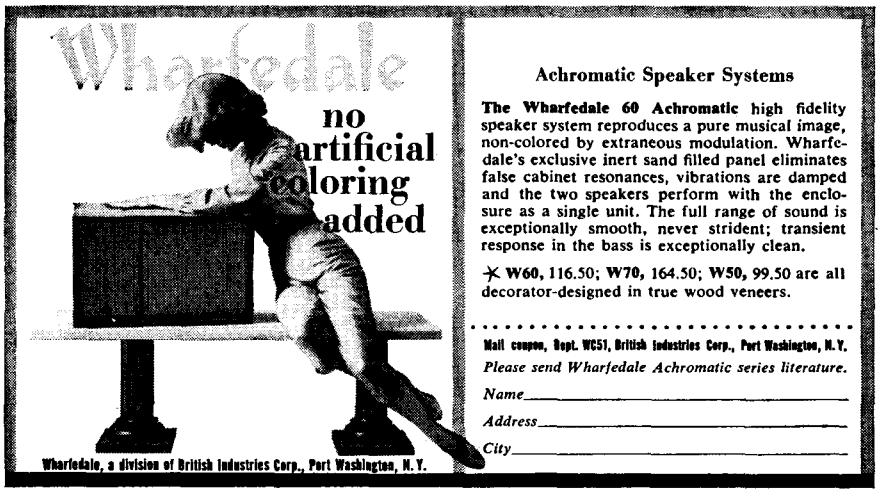
At last, too, EMI have decided that the British public is now ready for Giulini's other Mozart set, "Le Nozze di Figaro," which has been available for some time in the United States. This brings the total of stereo versions in our catalogue to four, with a further set—conducted by Fricsay, and with Fischer-Dieskau as the Count—promised by DGG.

No duplication problem is likely to confront us in the case of "Shyama," an opera by Rabindranath Tagore, the great Indian poet, painter, and composer whose centennial year this is. To mark the occasion HMV has produced a single-disc, abridged recording of this work, performed by a distinguished company of Indian singers and instrumentalists, with a spoken introduction by that indefatigable friend of India, Yehudi Menuhin. Those familiar with the classical music of India will detect no little Western influence in these songs and ensembles; all the same most American or European music lovers will find it difficult to establish genuine contact with an idiom far removed from our everyday experience.

DGG's June releases include the first of a number of recordings made by the Leningrad Philharmonic during the orchestra's visit to London last September. It is Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4, conducted by Mravinsky, and while the recording is too resonant to earn our unqualified approval it does present a far closer likeness of this incomparable body of players than any of its previous discs. Mravinsky's reading is full of interest, if a shade cool for some tastes, but his control of phrasing, dynamics, and ensemble is truly astonishing in its subtlety. That DGG should have prevailed upon the conductor to abandon his usual disposition of the strings (with violins on either side of the rostrum) for these sessions is a matter for regret, even if the reshuffle yields one or two breathtaking moments in the Scherzo when the pizzicati are tossed across the room from right to left in a beautifully curved movement.

Lastly there is "Twelfth Night," the latest issue in Argo's integral Shakespearean series. This marks the final shedding of the Marlowe Society's "anonymity cult": for the first time in this project the entire cast is named, though we still have to guess who plays which part! But there is no mistaking Dorothy Tutin's most attractive Viola nor Robert Eddison's delightfully inane Sir Andrew. The surprise of this performance, however, is the charming Feste of Peter Pears, who reveals a talent for comic acting few would have suspected and, needless to say, brings to his songs a distinction probably unequalled by any Feste in history.

—Thomas Heinitz.



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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

IN RE TAPE

ANOTHER OF your readers has done it, and it would seem likely there will be many more to come: I have added stereo tape to my playback equipment with a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction. I was surprised to find so large a collection of tapes currently offered, now over 1,000, and the very considerable activity in the "new release" department.

Unfortunately for my pocketbook, but not unexpectedly, I have also found that tapes vary widely in quality as well as in the merit of the performance. I am sure many readers would be grateful to discover in an early issue of *SR* a new section on recordings and tapes.

EDWIN C. H. HARRINGTON, JR.
Wilbraham, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See pages 36 and 38.*

RIEGGER AND THE KNICKERBOCKER

YOUR APRIL 29 issue contains an article about Wallingford Riegger by Oliver Daniel, describing, among other things, the unfortunate circumstances leading to his death.

Since we know people at Knickerbocker Hospital, we were distressed to read about the apparent neglect of Mr. Riegger. However, upon checking with individuals involved, we learned that attention was refused by Mr. Riegger, and since is was impossible to contact Miss Riegger, the hospital was powerless to do more than take care of the obvious scalp lacerations.

I think it is improper to make insinuations of this sort without checking into the facts before doing so. This is, after all, a serious accusation. I, for one, was very upset upon reading this part of the article and I am sure others were similarly affected. Believing, as I do, in the integrity of *SR*, I felt the facts must really be as stated. How many people would bother checking, or could get the proper information even if they took the trouble to do so?

MARY S. WEBER.
Riverdale, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article stated that "he was treated for scalp lacerations and then left unattended in a waiting room for the next six or seven hours until his daughter found him incoherent and in a semi-coma." No censure was directed at the hospital.*

SCHMIDT OF VIENNA

MAY I MAKE a plea through your columns for more recordings of the music of Franz Schmidt, especially for a recording of his "Variations on a Hungarian Hussar Song"? As a composer, Schmidt is hardly known outside of central Europe, and by those who have heard of him he is generally regarded as a worthy pedagogue who wrote academic musical exercises in an exhausted idiom. When Dimitri Mitropoulos included Schmidt's Second Symphony in the first concert of the Vienna

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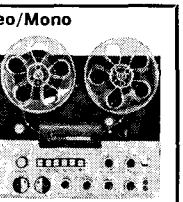

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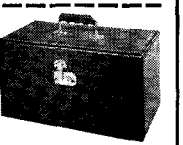

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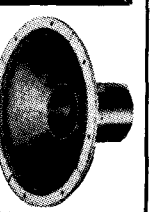

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Philharmonic's 1958-59 season, one critic said that the music betrayed "the mentality of a backwoodsman." The members of the orchestra, however, were so indignant at this remark that collectively they affirmed their admiration and respect for Schmidt as one of Austria's greatest composers, and it is perhaps worth noting that two monographs on Schmidt have appeared since his death in 1939.

G. C. HADDOW.

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Works of Schmidt have been available in the past with, apparently, few takers.*

TAYLOR'S ORIGINALITY

RE "Candid View of 'Candid's' Jazz," a review by Frederic Ramsey, Jr., of recent jazz releases [*SR*, May 27], I find that he devoted the majority of his criticism to the liner notes and not the recordings. Is he reviewing previous reviews? Did he really listen to "The World of Cecil Taylor" and then write "[it] seemed to be an adequate but not very inspired or original series of improvisations"? Isn't improvisation original? What is adequate improvisation?

Anyone who listened to the Cecil Taylor album would have to admit (whether he liked what he heard or not) that the startling originality of his style of playing is evident on both the standard tunes and on his original compositions. The degree to which Taylor utilizes the piano as an instrument to play jazz is in itself a musical phenomenon. I am not capable of evaluating this recording as to the quality of Mr. Taylor's compositions since I am not a music critic (by profession) but do hope Mr. Ramsey will give it an honest unbiased musical judgment.

JEANNE PHILLIPS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Comment on the claims for a performer's art is a legitimate extension of a critic's function. As for improvisation, it may or may not be "original."*

BROADCASTS WITH BJOERLING

I READ THE REVIEW of Verdi's Requiem with Fritz Reiner conducting and Jussi Bjoerling as tenor soloist [*SR*, Apr. 29]. Since this is also Bjoerling's requiem as a recording artist and it will be impossible to hear any new records made by the greatest tenor of this generation, I wonder if any of the record companies have given any thought to issuing recordings of Bjoerling made from actual performances on operatic stages. If this was done with Toscanini performances because of their great value as unequaled performances of the music, I believe the same applies to Bjoerling's records.

Music lovers will surely forgive the antiquated recording technique, audience noise, and applause for the opportunity to hear Bjoerling in these roles. Since Bjoerling never recorded these operas, this would be the only way of hearing him in some of his greatest roles.

LESTER W. GELLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A worthy thought that has not been unexplored in the past. But the problems of personnel clearance, union consent, and processing from source material of variable quality are not merely multiple but maddening.*

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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Knock, knack. 2. Leopard, leotard. 3. Sticker, stinker. 4. Drill, droll. 5. Plaster, platter. 6. Tonic, toxic. 7. Knoll, knell. 8. Stoop, strop. 9. Prowess, process. 10. Pulse, purse. 11. Present, prevent. 12. Barge, badge. 13. Quill, quell. 14. Yokel, yodel. 15. Wafer, water.

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Dialogue

Continued from page 10

that leads to the modification of the inevitability theory must lead to a conciliatory approach to the capitalist West in order to reduce the danger of nuclear war. Mao Tse-tung believes that such efforts are fruitless and, indeed, are filled with perilous heresy. He has said so. The effect of this on Soviet leaders is to make it all the more necessary to prove they are right. For if they are wrong, then there is the grim prospect that the ideological leadership of world Communism might shift to Peiping.

The American people may think that Nikita Khrushchev may be the summing-up of all that is horrendous in the modern world. We are in error, however, if we suppose that the present leadership in the Soviet Union couldn't possibly be worse. It could be worse. It could be a great deal worse. From the standpoint of America, a change in the leadership of the Soviet Union toward Peiping could make a big difference in terms of the large factors that affect American security.

This does not mean that Mr. Khrushchev has lost, or intends to lose, his standing as a prophet of the ultimate triumph of socialism. His position is that this triumph will be the result of inexorable historical forces. The many new nations coming into freedom from outside rule will have to find some way out of their near-total poverty, illness, and illiteracy. They have to do this in a fairly short period of time. They have to industrialize. The notion that a free capitalist economy can be relevant in such situations Mr. Khrushchev finds rather remote.

To the extent, therefore, that the future belongs to the majority; to the extent that the majority will insist on being adequately fed, housed, and educated in their own lifetimes—to these extents, Mr. Khrushchev believes that the future belongs to socialist techniques. He is completely empirical. Certain problems exist; experience has demonstrated a good way of meeting these problems. Mr. Khrushchev believes the good way to be his way. He also believes that the United States will fail in its bid for the support of African and Asian peoples for two reasons. First, the U.S. has been too closely identified with their former European masters. Second, the U.S. economic philosophy does not fit the needs or capacities of the underdeveloped peoples.

SUCH at least is the general nature of the challenge, as it would appear to take shape when viewed from an on-the-spot perspective. The challenge may be large, it may be complex, but it is not beyond comprehension or response.

What it requires, most of all, is recognition that we have to put at least as much resources, intelligence, and conviction into the nonmilitary effort as we have been putting into the military one. Certainly we need not be defeatist. American power begins with moral imagination. It comes forward in a straight line from the idea that the state exists for the purpose of serving man, and that this service is related to individual freedom and growth. But American power need not cease with the advocacy of these ideas. It can make them relevant in today's terms, in terms that fit the majority.

In short, the United States can commit itself to the idea of a fully developed United Nations – capable of enacting justice, capable of enforcing world peace under law, capable of utilizing the world's resources for the world's good. Such a goal may not be immediately realizable. However, just to define it as a goal and to seek commitments to it may create a new direction in human affairs. A sense of new direction is at least the beginning of better things.

The Longing

By Theodore Roethke

I

ON things asleep, no balm:
A kingdom of stinks and sighs,
Fetor of cockroaches, dead fish, petroleum,
Worse than castoreum of mink or weasels,
Saliva dripping from warm microphones,
Agony of crucifixion on barstools.
Less and less the illuminated lips,
Hands active, eyes cherished;
Happiness left to dogs and children—
(Matters only a saint mentions!)
Lust fatigues the soul.
How to transcend this sensual emptiness?
(Dreams drain the spirit if we dream too long.)
In a bleak time, when a week of rain is a year,
The slag-heaps fume at the edge of the raw cities;
The gulls wheel over their singular garbage;
The great trees no longer shimmer;
Not even the soot dances.
And the spirit fails to move forward,
But shrinks into a half-life, less than itself,
Falls back, a slug, a loose worm
Ready for any crevice,
An eyeless starer.

II

A wretch needs his wretchedness. Yes.
O pride, thou art a plume upon whose head?
How comprehensive that felicity:—
A body with the motion of a soul.
What dream's enough to breathe in? A dark dream.
The rose exceeds, the rose exceeds us all.
Who'd think the moon could pare itself so thin?
A great flame rises from the sunless sea;
The light cries out, and I am there to hear—
I'd be beyond: I'd be beyond the moon,
Bare as a bud, and naked as a worm.
To this extent I'm a stalk,
—How free; how all alone.
Out of these nothings
—All beginnings come.

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The Fine Arts

Continued from page 26

arbitrary, and humorous reconstruction of form, in this case a human form reduced to an inhuman robotlike image.

If I can understand this sculpture, then why, I ask, is it so difficult for me to accept certain current images, specifically those vast innumerable reproductions of scarred walls and broken pavements? Perhaps the answer is precisely because these new works seem closer to reproduction than invention. The wall as a symbol appears repeatedly in contemporary art, notably in work of the American, Mallary, and the Spaniard, Tapies, to choose but two of many exponents. I realize that sometimes beat-up, marred, and dented walls can be evocative, suggesting even more than the human and natural accidents they have suffered. But in our day and age, when we have long accepted the ready-made and the *objet trouvé*, I can't understand why anyone would want to imitate this image, particularly since real walls exist and can readily be cut down and used with only minor additions and adjustments as the final work.

I suppose what I'm trying to say is that the whole materialistic philosophy of neodadaism bothers me, that the earlier dadaists were in truth as antimaterialistic as they were anti-art. Their message was firmly nihilistic. But today the artists who borrow from them are not specifically at war with their own world, though they still cling to nihilistic techniques. For me, here is the real problem. When angry methods are used merely for tasteful decoration, for humorous comment, or for shock value, they become vacant paraphrases. To have validity, meaning and method must be indivisible.

Take, for instance, certain of Rauchenberg's overlarge Combine Paintings which are apt to be as perishable as they are cumulative. Amusing? Yes. Dense and perverse? Yes. But one asks why. Do these grandiose, pasted-up, painted-over collages (with actual stuffed birds sometimes attached) go much beyond witty, provocative window displays? True, by combining multiple commonplace and familiar objects with exotic unexpected ones, they tell us we live in an irrational, crowded world, yet for all their sophisticated naïveté, what really comes through is chiefly a kind of bland exhibitionism.

Perhaps it is only fair to pause here and ask myself whether in 1915, everything else being equal, I would have recognized in Laurens's "Woman with Mantilla" what I find in it today; or might I, alas, have merely mistaken its deliberately primitive structure for little more than superficial faddism?

—KATHARINE KUH.

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(Continued from page 47)

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FLOWERS. Lovely bouquet delivered weekly to your Manhattan apartment, only $2.50. Trial offer details, Box 468, Millburn, N.J.

BACHELOR, 33, B.S., M.S. degrees, experienced many fields, desires permanent traveling position, preferably abroad. Resume—photo. Box T-234.

MR. BONNER'S DAUGHTER cherishes the result of her father's displeasure in the book, "Non Mi Piace Il Calamaio Di Mio Cugino." Inquire at your favorite bookstore or order at the Kennie-Bon-Bon Press, Redding Ridge, Connecticut.

THE CAMPING BLUE BOOK, 127 pages, offers dozens of camping tips plus a directory of the 3,500 best camping grounds in the U.S. and Canada. For your copy, send $1 to The Camping Blue Book, Outdoors, Inc., 103 Guitar Building, Columbia, Missouri.

HOUSEWORK WANTED—where my dog is also welcome. Box T-270.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ASSISTANT to dormitory director, girls' college preparatory school in midwestern city. Good home, salary. Administrative responsibility in near future possible. Ages 35 to 45 preferred. Mother with high school daughter can be considered. Culture, intelligence, executive ability needed. Box T-148.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION Head Teacher for September wanted by upper New York State day school for girls. Pleasant surroundings. Salary $5,000 up. Box T-142.

ADMINISTRATOR WANTED for High School division of dynamic private school NYC. Alert, intelligent and active student body—creative and exceptionally competent staff. Box T-206.

RESORT MANAGER—Man and wife to manage 100-room hotel in Caribbean. Emphasis on guest relations. Hotel background not essential. College or related administrative experience acceptable. $850 monthly plus room and meals for couple. Season—August to April. Write complete personal details. Box T-235.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

POLAND, MAINE. 25 acre country estate, near famous Poland Springs with view Presidential Mountain Range. Charming 10 room house, 2 baths. Large barn converted to pine paneled hobby shop or business venture. Near golf courses and swimming. Florence Kennedy, Realtor, Paris, Maine.

VERMONT COUNTRY PLACES—Lake, Mountain and Meadow; build, remodel, or move in. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

COLONIAL. 8 rooms, 22 acres, brook, barn. $13,500. Rheinstrom, Hillsdale, N. Y.

SOUTHEASTERN ARIZONA—Attractive home at mouth spectacularly scenic Cave Creek Canyon. Excellent, equable climate. Perfect for retirement. Property includes 3 acres land, 3 bedroom home, guest house, other buildings, 80 fruit trees, ample water. Asking price $40,000 with terms if desired. Write Tom Stafford, Portal, Cochise County, Arizona.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE completely furnished. 4 bedrooms, 1½ baths, 2 large screened porches, studio, glorious seaviews. $8,500. Treetops, Monhegan Island, Maine.

WEST HEMPSTEAD, New York—adjoining Garden City. House built along expensive lines sacrificed by owner. 4 bedrooms, dining, living, hobby, sun room, kitchen, dinette. Price $25,000, a fraction of its value. Photo available. Principals only. IVanhoe 3-6151, Box T-255.

RARE RESTORATION opportunity. Proud 1812 square Colonial home. Sound throughout—electricity, water, lawns, shade, privacy. $20,000. Hastings, Corinth, Vermont.

BREWSTER, Putnam County, New York. Sacrifice. Beautiful year-round 5 room house. Acreage, lake, privacy. Immediate occupancy. Weekdays WHite Plains 8-1923, weekends BRewster 9-2562.

MAINE COAST—Seashore house 12 miles from Portland. Large lot. 500' to beach. Well built. 8 rooms, 2 baths, fireplace. Box T-262. Maine telephone TUcker 3-2592.

For Summer Rental

ESCAPE from entanglements, telephone, TV. Large, comfortable lodge, private Vermont hillside, guaranteed to restore peace of mind. Available week $100, month $300. Bill Darrow, Putney, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Old farmhouse in West Tisbury; 5 large bedrooms, 3 baths, 2 living rooms with fireplaces, study, dining room, modern electric kitchen with dishwasher, washing machine, dryer, deepfreeze; extra large screened porch; barn; playhouse suitable for studio; private beach on Atlantic Ocean; fiberglass sailboat. Season $2,500 or monthly. Box T-272.

RIDGEFIELD, CONNECTICUT—Modern studio on private wooded lake. Box T-237.

PINE BUSH vicinity, N.Y.—4 room modern furnished cottage, screened porch, pond, scenic beauty, reasonable. Evenings. LOrraine 9-1583 NYC.

EASTHAMPTON-AMAGANSETT. Stunning 2 bedroom house at ocean. 40 foot sundeck. $800 August. PLaza 1-3482 NYC weeknights.

WELLFLEET, CAPE COD. 6 room house, studio, ocean view, private beach. Fully equipped. July. RHinelander 4-7052 NYC.

CONNECTICUT, 55 miles NYC. Colonial, 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, fully equipped, 15 minutes beach, seclusion. July, August $1,000. Box T-259.

VERMONT. Tall spruces, swimming pond, mountain cottage. August 6th-September 6th, $200. Box T-233.

CABIN IN WOODS, after July 4th. Suitable for impoverished writer wanting privacy. Furnished, including typewriter. Conveniences. Payment—advertisement, utilities, work on property. Barbara Yedlin, Librarian, RFD, New Hartford, Connecticut.

NANTUCKET. 2 bedroom cottage, attractively furnished. Near beach. July $350. TEmpleton 1-1167 NYC, Box T-230.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

GREAT NECK. 5 room house, 2 bedrooms, den, fireplace, patio, excellent location. Available July 1st. Year lease. $250 month. HUnter 2-1183.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE OR RENT—FURNISHED

CARIBBEAN. TRINIDAD—An investment in your peaceful future! High! Cool! Dry! Goodwood Park, fabulous scenic site overlooking the beautiful Gulf only 4 miles from Port-of-Spain, few minutes from nearby Yacht Club, supermarket, gas station, many other modern facilities. Only 6 units of luxury type apartments with 1 bedroom each, to accommodate 4 easily. Magnificent apartments, with private terraces overlooking Gulf and downtown area, have fully equipped kitchens and furnishings for large living room, dining area, kitchen, bathroom, garage, laundry. Help quarters. Sale Price $15 to $20 M (average monthly maintenance approximately $40). Apartments can be rented for $15 to $20 per day in your absence. Serious minded applicants may stay for 2 days FREE to inspect premises. Applicants may write for details and further information Dept. SR, Box 298, Murray Hill Station, New York 16.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

AUGUST-JANUARY. 3 rooms, Kew Gardens, NYC. $100 monthly. Box T-263.

EAST 67th, NYC. Cool, convenient. Extraordinary garden. $450. July 29th-September 6th. YUkon 8-0695. Box T-227.

Unfurnished

ESTATE LIVING, luxuriously converted modern stables, 45 minutes to Manhattan from exclusive northern Long Island. $200. Box T-248.

APARTMENTS WANTED

Unfurnished

MAGAZINE COUPLE requires living room, bedroom or sleeping alcove, separate kitchen, East Side or Village NYC. About $160. Box T-246.

ROOM AVAILABLE

CHATHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, Box 381. Pleasant room with bath for couple or one lady. Week or month.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CONKLIN, N.Y. Build your castle here on magnificent country hilltop! Ideal property for family estate—52 acres. Unsurpassed commanding view 1½ miles into valley. Off main highway—away from traffic and noise, and yet only 12 miles from city. $6,500 cash. Box T-265.

CAMPS

BACK LOG CAMP on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, managed by Quakers for three generations, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness in company with civilized and educated persons. June 30th to September 5th. $63 weekly, all-inclusive; reductions for families. Brochure. Mrs. Henry Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

PEMAQUID SEMINAR: Stimulating and informal vacations for thinking people. Writing, lectures, discussions. For 1961 pamphlet write: Box 386, Damariscotta, Maine.

WORLD-FAMOUS FISHING PORT and vacation area on cool, picturesque Cape Ann. Beaches, fishing, boating. For pictorial, informative folder write City Manager, Gloucester 5, Massachusetts.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN. AAA. Delightfully informal lakeside resort with private cottages nestled in pines. Central dining room and lodge. Excellent meals. Sandy beach, good fishing. Open late May to mid-September. Bridgton 5, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

CHALET WENDLAND, Jamaica, Vermont (Stratton Mountain). View, rest, swimming. Folder.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Newburgh: JOhn 2-1232.

SEARCHING FOR SEA, sand and stars? Stay at HIGH TOR, Ogunquit, Maine. Folder.

LONG VIEW LODGE, Long Lake, New York. Modern hotel and cottages, high Adirondacks. Boating, fishing, private sand beach. Informal, home-style meals. Moderate rates. Booklet S. NYC phone: WIsconsin 7-2611.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL, Ogunquit 2, Maine. Perfect seaside relaxation. Art Colony. Beach. Playhouse. Bountiful meals. Folder.

ADIRONDACK PANACEA: nestled village, towering mountains, bountiful lakes. Four music festivals. All sports, relaxations. Accommodations for families, singles. Vacation Bureau, Schroon Lake, New York.

READY TO RELAX and enjoy Summer on eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay? Land of pleasant living, 150 acre farm on water, family style meals. American plan $45.00-$52.00, $8.00-$10.00. Real estate available. Harpers, The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

STONEHOUSE INN, North Thetford, Vermont. Delicious food, Low Sodium Diets.

ROAD'S END, Lake Pleasant, New York. Informal, rustic, beautiful. American Plan—Housekeeping.

THE CLIFF HOUSE, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool 72°. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. All sports. Reasonable with or without meals. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager. WELLS (Midway) 6-5662.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

IN FT. LAUDERDALE take FRENCH LEAVE. Efficiencies, bedroom apartments. TV. Pool. Public beach. Free Color Brochure. Write: FRENCH LEAVE, 4228 Ocean Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

MIRROR LAKE INN, Lake Placid, New York. Also lakeshore cottages. Excellent food. Write for folder.

BLUEBERRY HILL! June days! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

(Continued on page 50)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 49)

SUMMER ON FARMS and hotels welcoming children. Also off-beaten-track resorts. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

POCONOS. Outstanding studio housekeeping units. Beautiful estate. Write for informative brochure. The Robbins Farm, Saylorsburg 6, Pennsylvania.

PISGAH FOREST INN. Always cool, log fires, friendly hosts. Trails in Natural Wilderness. Box SR433, Candler, North Carolina.

CAPE COD country inn, built 1738, 18th century charm, 20th century conveniences. High Brewster, Brewster, Massachusetts.

HARBOR BY MOONLIGHT: moored boats gleaming whitely, the glistening moon-path reaching to the horizon, the small voices of the sea as it laps the land. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Recommended in Duncan Hines' Vacation Guide.

EVERGREEN LODGE, Glenwood, New York. Sunkissed hills, fishing, golf, horses boarded, relaxed living.

WHAT'S IT LIKE at Deer Hill Inn, Chester, Vermont? Ask.

VACATION COTTAGES IN BERKSHIRES. Excellent food. The Fales, Williamstown, Massachusetts.

CHASE'S ON TORSEY, Readfield, Maine. Nature at its loveliest, food at its best, widely spaced lake-shore cottages, fishing, swimming, boating, recreational lodge. Booklet.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE enjoy our unique deep woods lakeside location, our fine food, good music, cottage or cabin accommodations and especially congenial companions for rowing, canoeing, swimming, tennis, barbecues, outdoor buffets, outdoor stereo concerts and more. Simple, rustic relaxing. Off highways but near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, summer theatres, all Berkshires! Chanterwood, Box 71, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

VISITING BRITAIN? Stay with a private family. Many are eager to offer hospitality to visitors. Meet the people! Also houses to rent. Details McGregor, 26 Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex, England.

THIS YEAR'S HOTEL on this year's island. . . . THE COZUMEL CARIBE, Cozumel Island, Mexico. Now accepting reservations for the 1961-62 winter season.

PEACE PIPE LODGE in Central Maine. Scenic, secluded, spacious, restful. Modern lakefront cottages with fireplaces. Safe, comfortable swimming. All sports. Bountiful meals. From $65 per week. Write or phone, Litchfield, Maine. ANdrew 8-4471.

SANDY POND LODGE, Hope Valley, Rhode Island. Modern housekeeping cabins. FOrest 4-7403.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent international cuisine, best in Mexico. Special summer rates. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Massachusetts. Berkshires. French cuisine, small, very quiet.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

SUMMIT. Sherburne, Vermont. Sumptuous mountain skiers retreat! Summer rates. Folder.

THE LOOKOUT, Ogunquit #2, Maine. One of New England's foremost resort hotels. New swimming pool. Beautiful grounds, gardens. Exceptional meals. Open June 25th. Color folder.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Beautiful vacationland in a setting of rare, natural beauty. Elevation 2,000' midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, sports. New heated swimming pool. Excellent food, accommodations. Folder.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

FORTYISH OR MORE? Exquisite loafing at The Woodside, Cresco, Pennsylvania. Brochure S. June 23rd-October 16th.

VACATIONS

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write 813 Inwood Court, Grants, New Mexico.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial home. Good food. R.D.2, Middlebury, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lovell, Maine. Cabins, Lake. American-Jewish Cuisine. Sports. Water Skiing. Sightseeing, Hi-Fi. Couples, family groups: $86 and up weekly. Write. Phone DEwey 9-5730 NYC.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, an oasis of peace and beauty in the lofty Green Mountains. Charming Alpine chalet. Panoramic view. Delightful informal atmosphere. Superb continental cuisine. Breakfast in bed. Swimming, sports. Brochure. Manchester, Vermont.

ASOLO THEATER COMEDY FESTIVAL in unique Sarasota, Friday, July 14th through Wednesday, August 16th. Only theater festival of its kind, presented in the only authentic 18th Century Italian theater in America. Seventeenth and 18th Century comedy and opera as originally performed. Sponsored by John and Mabel Ringling Museum of Art and Florida State University. All this . . . and unique Sarasota's fabulous beaches, fishing and golf . . . artists and writers, architects and musicians . . . makes the Sarasota Vacation Area: Sarasota, Venice, Englewood and their Keys—most popular with people who want to mix relaxation with stimulating company. Family budget rates for summer. Write Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce for illustrated, informative brochures. P.O. Box 308R, Sarasota, Florida.

IVES LAKE, in the heart of the Huron Mountains. Catch a Rainbow, hunt a mushroom, read a book, bring the kids. Write Howard Paul, Big Bay, Michigan.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE. One of New England's famous resort hotels, cottages. Golf course, fishing, water skiing. Excellent Maine food. Cocktail lounge. No hay fever. Informal. Moderate rates, June 18th to mid-September. Squaw Mountain Inn, Greenville Junction 8, Maine.

WILL SHARE hilltop home informally with few special persons of limited budget, appreciative of peace, beauty, old world charm. Mrs. Apolant, Worcester, New York.

MEET OUR MORGANS! Explore our trails! West River Lodge, Newfane, Vermont.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Brochure. Victor 6-4059.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate: luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center, smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, shopping center, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

TRAVEL

NEAREST THE United Nations the nicest hotel . . . you'll agree . . . is the TUDOR. Many of your fellow-guests here are from the United Nations. Quiet, comfortable, handy to shops, theatres and the "sights." Singles from $6. Doubles from $9. Garage. Write Hotel Tudor, 304 East 42nd Street, NYC, or Telephone Area Code 213—YUkon 6-8800.

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

LET'S GO ISLAND HOPPING in the Bahama Islands—A vacation you will always remember. Capt. Tommy's Bahama Air Service, Box 276, Kendall, Florida.

TRAVEL

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

JOIN CARIBBEAN CRUISE. 150 foot schooner sails to Bimini, Abaco, Berry Islands, Grand Bahama, Nassau. Ten days of adventure. $175. Sailing, fishing, skin-diving. WINDJAMMER CRUISES, INC., P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami Beach phone: JEfferson 2-3407.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M.L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE-BOUND TOURISTS—A new horizon in travel. See the newest architectural wonders of postwar Europe with this new guidebook and appraisal: "The New Architecture of Europe," by G.E. Kidder Smith. Descriptions, photographs of 225 significant buildings by Le Corbusier, Nervi, others, in 16 countries. Keyed maps, visiting directions. Original Meridian Book. Paperbound: $1.95 at bookstores.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL. 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients $4.50 and up. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

EGYPT, LUXOR, THEBES, Karnak, Cairo, Lebanon, Beirut, Byblos, Dog River, Baalbek, Syria, Damascus, Jordan, Jerash, Amman, Mount Nebo, River Jordan, Dead Sea, Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethlehem, Samaria, Israel, Galilee, Nazareth, Haifa, plus Italy and Greece with optional Greek Isle Aegean Sea Cruise or Istanbul visit are included on THE MIDDLE EAST TOUR. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

SAILING VACATIONS—Cruise beautiful Bahamas Out Islands (from Bimini to Nassau) aboard gleaming 96-ft. schooner CAREFREE. Help sail the ship—or relax in the sun. Great fishing and skindiving, fine food, congenial shipmates. From $175. Write or phone: Tradewinds Cruises, Ltd., P.O. Box 774-SR, Coral Gables, Florida. HIghlands 8-6136.

WHEN YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, the greatest vacation city in the world, stay at Beekman Tower Hotel and make the most of it! Magnificent views . . . delightful accommodations . . . wonderful location. Best of all, you can afford it! Enjoy cocktails in the famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky!) and dinner in the Turtle Bay Dining Room. Rates for single rooms with semi-private bath as low as $6.50. Group rates available. If you're driving to New York, write BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street, at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

SOUTH SEAS ART CRUISE aboard Matson Line's SS MONTEREY sailing from San Francisco November 3rd, from Los Angeles November 4th. Enjoy a luxurious six-week cruise vacation together with the finest instruction in drawing and painting . . . 90 hours of free instruction by Vincenzo, noted teacher, author and portraitist. Beginner or advanced amateur, you will capture in finished paintings the brilliant contrasts of Polynesian life and landscape . . . Tahiti, Rarotonga, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Pago Pago and Hawaii. The yacht-like Monterey is all First-Class, and completely air-conditioned . . . has private bath with every stateroom. Round-trip cruise fares from $1,125. Write Art Cruise, Matson Lines, Dept. SR, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

EXPLORE "THE FAIREST CAPE"—South Africa's lovely Cape Province whose southern tip is the Cape of Good Hope. It's a land of towering mountains, valley vineyards, breathtaking coastline, and magnificently situated Cape Town. Travel on to enjoy all South Africa's scenic delights. Plan with exciting free literature from Satour, Dept. P, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.

THAI HOST TOUR. Orient bound? Do not miss Thailand, the land of smiling, friendly people. All expense de luxe conducted private car tour. Dine in English-speaking Thai homes. Also can include one-day visit to Angkor Wat. Box T-240.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1422

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Counterfeit gem made of crystal covered with thin piece of real stone.	182 178 78 176 196 19 36
B. Fill with impediments to passing.	201 135 171 177 3 29 94 80
C. Possible danger to a lute, pointed out by Tennyson (2 wds).	14 145 101 151 194 107 98 52 166 62
D. Followed by Word K, the way of Longfellow's blacksmith (2 wds.).	7 140 130 13 157 191 172 87 116 103 202 63 99
E. Werewolves (2 wds. and comp.).	165 184 21 51 180 186 97 42 4 173
F. Cow that has never had a calf.	125 25 160 127 158 44
G. The cry of birds (colloq.).	193 143 77 169 22 203
H. A specific-gravity bottle.	31 117 138 146 34 41 185 12 53 129
I. Ambiguity of speech.	128 69 23 131 15 181 57 162 195 150 112
J. Of somewhat liberal politics.	56 89 144 86 132 76 155
K. See Word D (3 wds.).	197 187 8 136 18 163 59 141 134 46
L. The meaning of Bernstein (Ger.).	5 175 70 105 164
M. Makes pleasant to a sense or the feelings.	79 104 38 95 183 156 16 39

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. People in the mountains of Lebanon, of a mixed faith, about whom Browning wrote a tragedy.	108 54 68 90 65 45
O. Disposed of by purchased shares in a lottery.	149 192 35 142 71 92 81
P. Surrender (something) with confidence.	48 93 17 82 40 118 133
Q. Concurred.	111 91 168 43 85 190 126 26
R. Quality of temperament, esp. as regards honor, courage, etc.	30 100 124 119 102 55
S. Person in the North who sympathized with the South during the Civil War.	11 139 50 167 88 109 179 74 120 66
T. Patron saint of hunters.	189 64 73 110 24 27
U. The modern replacing of *men* by *machines* in industry (not yet in Webster).	137 170 33 61 6 83 147 122 113 161
V. Away from the direction of the wind.	47 199 75 154 152 28 2
W. Endogamy.	1 58 67 153 148 49 198 84 9 188
X. A certain thick soup, of two main irreconcilable varieties, *Manhattan* and *New England*.	115 37 96 144 20 72 106
Y. Momentous; rich in important occurrences.	32 200 10 123 60 159 174 121

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 W		2 V	3 B	4 E	5 L	6 U		7 D	8 K		9 W	10 Y	11 S	12 H	13 D	14 C
	15 I	16 M		17 P	18 K	19 A		20 X	21 E	22 G	23 I		24 T	25 F	26 Q		27 T
28 V	29 B	30 R	31 H	32 Y	33 U		34 H	35 O		36 A	37 X	38 M		39 M	40 P	41 H	42 E
43 Q	44 F	45 N		46 K	47 V	48 P	49 W	50 S		51 E	52 C	53 H	54 N	55 R		56 J	57 I
58 W	59 K	–	60 Y	61 U	62 C	63 D	64 T	65 N	66 S		67 W	68 N	69 I	70 L	71 O	72 X	73 T
74 S	75 V	76 J		77 G	78 A	79 M	80 B		81 O	82 P	83 U	84 W	85 Q		86 J	87 D	88 S
	89 J	90 N	91 Q	92 O	93 P	94 B	95 M		96 X	97 E		98 C	99 D	100 R		101 C	102 R
103 D	104 M	105 L	106 X		107 C		108 N	109 S	110 T	111 Q	112 I		113 U	114 J		115 X	116 D
117 H	118 P	119 R	120 S	121 Y		122 U	123 Y		124 R	125 F	126 Q		127 F	128 I	129 H		130 D
131 I	132 J	133 P	134 K		135 B	136 K	137 U	138 H	139 S	140 D		141 K	142 O		143 G		144 X
145 C	146 H	147 U	148 W	149 O		150 I	151 C	152 V	153 W		154 V	155 J	156 M	157 D	158 F		159 Y
160 F	161 U	162 I	163 K	164 L	165 E	166 C	167 S	168 Q		169 G	170 U	171 B	172 D		173 E	174 Y	175 L
176 A		177 B	178 A		179 S	180 E	181 I	182 A		183 M	184 E	185 H		186 E	187 K	188 W	189 T
190 Q		191 D	192 O	193 G		194 C	195 I	196 A	197 K		198 W	199 V	200 Y	201 B	202 D	203 G	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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"White Label"
DEWAR'S
SCOTCH WHISKY

Famed are the clans of Scotland ... their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label quality, with its genuine Scotch flavor. Forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in its distinctive bottle!

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SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, shown in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. #3, Schenley Import Co., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York © 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky.

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